



THE EAGLE



MEMORIAL ARENA



The Sagle



1967-1968

St. John's - Ravenscourt Fort Garry, Winnipeg 19, Manitoba Number 18



This issue of the Eagle is dedicated to the memory of

John Fletcher Waudby

John Fletcher Waudby

Mr. Waudby was born in London, England in 1902. He attended Fairwater East House of Taunton School in Somerset from the age of eight until matriculation. Following that, he read for the Diploma in Education at London University. He taught at Eastman's Naval Academy in Portsmouth and at St. George's School at Quilmes outside Buenos Aires.

In 1928, anxious to live under the British Flag, he arrived at St. John's College School as a Master in the Lower School. Mr. Waudby was Master of the fourth form and Housemaster of Hamber House from 1937 until 1946. Upon the retirement of Walter Burman in that year Mr. Waudby was appointed Headmaster of St. John's College School, a position he filled until the amalgamation in 1950 when St. John's united with Ravenscourt. From September 1950 until his death on September 30, 1967, John Waudby served St. John's-Ravenscourt School as Senior Master in charge of Mathematics and Latin as well as being Housemaster of Hamber House.

In recognition of his efforts as a teacher and Headmaster, St. John's College appointed him an Honorary Fellow in 1966. In presenting Mr. Waudby for this honour Dean Brodersen said:

"John Waudby has retained this spirit of high academic adventure. Education has always been for him a profession and calling not merely job...

John Waudby has an additional claim to recognition by the College: the present form of our Commemoration Service owes its origin to his talents, and for many years he organized the choir for this service."

John Waudby will be remembered at St.John's-Ravenscourt School in countless ways but nowhere more than at the Annual Carol Service and the Athletic Dinner, both functions having been inaugurated by him. In an editorial in the Winnipeg Free Press Mr. Waudby was remembered:

"His subjects were Latin, French and Mathematics and he taughts all three with the same blunt and uncompromising determination that learning must come first and guidance counselling must be an offshoot of the learning process.

His first love was Mathematics, and generations of schoolboys can testify to his lucidity and to his devotion to this subjects. Many students, learning of his death, must have said to themselves: "I would never have got through Grade 12 without him." Such a remaker would have touched his teacher's heart.

He never forgot those he had taught, good scholars and bad, and he always welcomed them back to the school. When death came it came at the end of a long and happy day during which many people, including the Premier of the Province, had spoken warmly of what his efforts had meant to them."

A very old friend of John Waudby's wrote after reading of the funeral that when he saw that the prefects for the school had acted as pallbearers his mind turned immediately to the lines from Browning's Grammarian's Funeral:

"This is our master, famous calm and dead Borne on our shoulders."

HONORARY COUNCIL Dr. J.K. Martin Mr. Justice N. McDermid Dr. T. Kenneth Thorla Michael S. Wallace Dr. G.F. Boult Gordon P. Osler C.D. Shepard, Q.C. Christopher Young George N. Andison Dr. J.D. Leishman C.S. Riley S.A. Searle Jr. Donald G. Smith Charles McKelvie Dr. R.M. Ramsay Peter W. Wood Scott Neal HONORARY CHAIRMAN Dr. Harry E. Duckworth A. William Everett Dr. Colin C. Ferguson C.H. Flintoft Leonard D. McMurray James A. Richardson Thomas G. Mathers G.W.P. Heffelfinger Dr. D.C. McEwen H.W.B. Manning Dennis H. Carter A.S. Hutchings David H. Jones Andrew Currie Shane McKay CHAIRMAN A.R. Aird

Headmaster's Foreward



A week or so ago, shortly before he died, Mr. Waudby said to me: "Well, we're off to a good start." I agreed with him. These first few weeks of term have demonstrated a real determination on the part of many people to make this an outstanding year. We have all sorts of things going for us; more boys from more places than ever before, out new Arena, our happy association with Canada's National Team — to mention a few. We shall all of us miss Mr. Waudby in the weeks and months ahead but he would be the last person in the world to have wanted his death to cast a continuing gloom over the school year.

Anything I write now however must be speculative. It is only October. The yellow leaves are still on the trees; there are football games still to be played; there are examinations yet to be written; there is much to do and many weeks ahead to do it in.

The Editor of the Yearbook has a difficult job. Not only must he chronicle the year as it happens, he must look ahead and try to foresee what is going to happen. Looking ahead with him I think the prospects for a highly successful year are very bright. To the School Captain and all others who will help make it so and to 'The Eagle' Editor and staff who will record it I give my congratulations in advance.

To all those for whom this year is their last at St. John's-Ravenscourt I would ask that you shall not forget what you have tried to do for the school. I know, as I hope all of you who support us know, that we travel a two-way road. If it is true that the School helps make the boys what THEY may be, it is equally true that the boys make the SCHOOL what IT is and can be.

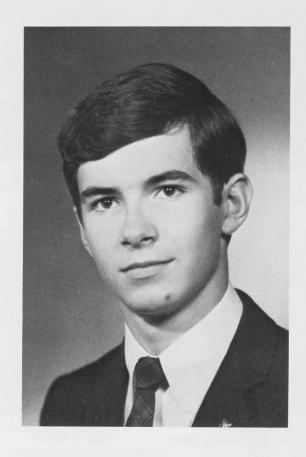
"Eagle" Staff



ON STAIRS: Shandro, Searle, Nesbitt, Macdonald, MacCreath, Andison, Schwartz, Orton, Bugg, Rowley.
MIDDLE ROW: Verges, Macbeth, Tapper, McEwen, Riome, Dallas, Lawson, Mr. McLeod, Dunstan, Woodhead.
FRONT ROW: Noble, Lewkin, Alms, Kobrinsky, Wiswell.

Editor-in-Chief
Assistant Editors Stewart Searle, Richard Woodhead
Photography
Literary Editors Edward Orton, Peter MacCreath
Activities Doug Nesbitt, Andy Wiswell, Nathan Kobrinsky
Sports
Advertising Jim Lawson, Charles Andison, Bob Dunstan
Typing
ArtJamie Campbell, Alms
Staff Adviser

Editorial



Mr. Waudby was connected with all aspects of our school for many years; his death left a vacant place in the traditions of Ravenscourt. He was a personal symbol of the old School and if any of us had returned years later, he doubtless would have recalled our minor misdeeds. Our personal liking for him will make him greatly missed; and his fine teaching abilities must not be neglected. Yet, we feel that Mr. Waudby would not wish for us to greatly disrupt our routine, but only to continue as if he were not absent. Through all indications, by doing so we should have a fine year.

But what is meant by a fine year. My experience here has been such that each year seems better and better; and from the small part which has passed, this one seems to be particularly fine. Yet, when with the help of the 'Eagle' you look upon the time spent here, will it really matter? Blurred in your mind, every year will probably appear the same. Still, it is my hope that this one should stand out.

There is a great deal of compromise between the editor's ideals for the book and what actually appears in the year's annual. Others spread their fantasies on my scarred desk and appeal to my sense of aesthetic beauty. Though with many regrets these ideas land in the wastebasket. Nonetheless, I thank those here

who have taught me a measure of practicality.

My personal experience at S.J.R. has not always been happy, and many were the times I longed for escape. From where I look now all the unhappy moments seem to be fading. Those of the happier times remain, fixed for life. Perhaps I am still very young but it seems that this easy carefree life — the bull sessions in the dorms, the breaking in of new masters, the teams on which we played — it's over, and I am entering an entirely new life. In belief that this school has trained me for that life, I have few fears, only regrets.

The boys whom I met and the young men I leave, I will never see again as they are now. This my most bitter regret, for good friends will disappear from mind and fade into seldom recalled memories.

.... But life goes on, and the editor's ramblings must cease. For the future editors, I urge them to raise the standards, and for the workers, I can only thank them for the long, weary, but sometimes interesting hours put towards the completion of the "Eagle".

Mark Dallas Editor

School



R.L. Gordon, B.A. (Oxon) Headmaster



T.F. Bredin, B.A. Assistant Headmaster



C.B. Kiddell M.A. (Cantab) Head of Lower School



J.A. Hammond Director of Administration



M.H. Ainley M.A. Senior Boarding Master



F.M. Olsen B.Sc., B.Ed.(Man) Head of Science



G.D. McLeod B.A. (Tor) M.A. (Man) Head of English



Mrs. S.C. Ainley R.N. Music



Mrs. N.E. Barrett B.A. (Man) Grade Two



B.A. Beare, B.A. (Man) Geography, History



D.C. Bevis A.T.D. (Bristol)



K.L. Broderick, B.P.E. (U.B.C.) Geography, Art



P. Chorney B.Sc. (Man) M.A. (Tor)
Mathematics



M.S. Cowie Ed.Cert. (Durham) Mathematics



A.R.L. Glegg B.A. (London) French



C.K. Gorrie B.Sc. (Man) Science



C.E. Harding Physical Education



W. Leonard B.A. (U. West. Ont.) English



H.T. McCracken B.Sc. (St. Andrews) A.R.I.L. Science



J.B. MacKenzie (U.B.C.) Mathematics

B.P.E.

D.R. Penaluna Ed.Cert. (Exeter) English



Mrs. MacMillian (Man) Ed. Cert. Grade Three



Mrs. A. Murray Ed. Cert. (Man)





Mrs. J. Perreault Ed.Cert. (Man) French



H. Shepherd Ed.Cert. (London) English



R.D. Stewart B.Sc. (Man) Science



Mrs. M. Campinelli Bursar

P. Thorsen Phys. Ed. (Stoc-

holm)
Physical Education



Mrs. M. Ward Grade Four



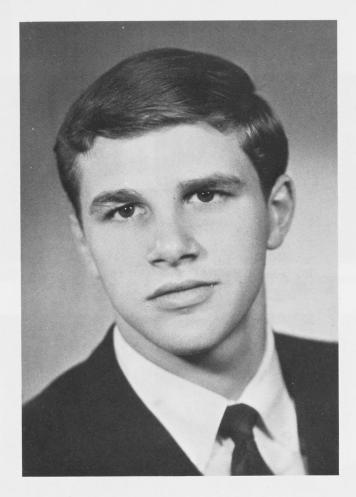
H.D. Wellard B.A. (Man) History



Mrs. A. Brown Secretary



Miss Norton Secretary



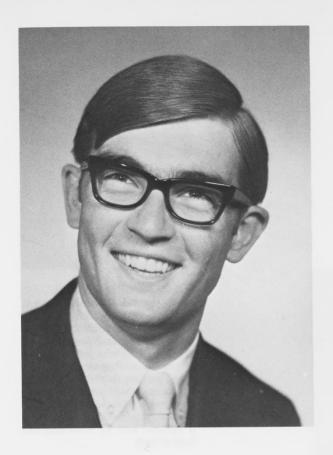
Ed Myers

School Captain's Report

As I write this report, I am looking after Lower School Study, one of the duties of the Captain when the master on duty is absent. I wonder what the school will be like when they are in grade XII. I am sure that I would have a hard time recognizing it if it continues to change as fast as it has in the last three years.

In that time S.J.R. has changed immensely, both outwardly and inwardly. Outwardly we have a new Lower School, and an indoor rink which has perhaps the largest indoor ice surface in North America. Inwardly, we have more boarders than ever before, and more facilities to accommodate them. It would take much more space to list all the changes, but this isn't necessary as long as S.J.R. boys realize one thing.

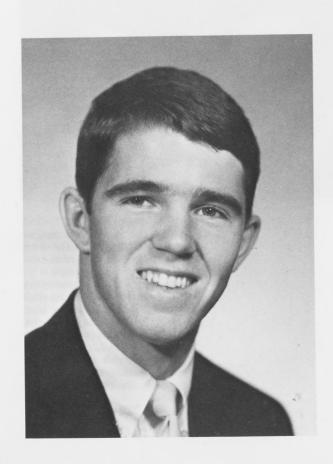
The boys of Ravenscourt have an opportunity in S.J.R. which I doubt few schools can offer, and I predict this opportunity will become much greater in the future. For this reason I think S.J.R. is going to become one of the finest private schools in Canada in the next few years, if it isn't already. To have been a student of such a school should make anyone proud. In concluding I wish S.J.R. and its students the best of luck in the years to come.



GREG HILL:

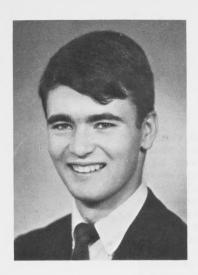
Ivan, our strongman prefect, who hails from Thompson, never failed to make it as public relations man between S.J.R. and B.H. Greg muscled his way through two years of senior football, hockey, physics, and chem. Greg's literary knowledge can be summed up in these words, "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" "I'm in the can you boob." Greg's ambition is to be a D.J., and his contagious spirit and friendly personality will most certainly help him to carry it off. Beast, a real angel, was liked by all and added much to the school; 200 lbs. to be exact.

Vice-Captains



BOB DUNSTAN:

The Rocky — Big Al feud continued this year. Rocky is still alive, which is a wonder considering Big Al's contacts in the Oak Lake Mafia. Bob has starred in cross-country for four years, and after warming up for four or five miles he played soccer. Bob's secret ambition is to become a track star, and as he is a hard worker he'll keep running until he makes it. Bob was vice-Captain of the school and finished first in the now famous walkathon of 35 miles for Share Canada.



DAVID BLACK:

Dave has the distinction of breaking a leg while doing up a ski-boot, and his other claim to fame is his collection of Playboys. As an unofficial librarian of the sixth Dave is often heard saying, "Well, can I have it back when you're finished with it?" Blackwater has played senior soccer and basketball. Dave's ambition is to become an architect; his specialty -- clubs.

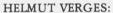


Jolly was one of the most popular boys in the sixth. He played senior football, rolled about the volleyball court, and spent the rest of his time gasping up and down the stairs to and from the smoking room. John's ambition is to be a bartender, and his ultimate fate is to be a bar, and his favorite saying is, "Pass the food."



JOHN MacBETH:

'Macbeth, Macbeth, beware Macbeth." Flip had the starring role in senior soccer for three years, as well as being a superspeedster in track. John was one of the more active day-boys who, as a prefect, bothered no one unduly except Wiswell. Equipped with his contageous enthusiasm John is bound to be a success, and we wish him the best of luck.



Helmut's trademark, his pleasant laugh, could frequently be heard echoing through the halls in response to Mr. McLeod's wit. Verge failed to make right guard in football, but was always in the pit of things anyway, having held a R.R. scholarship played basketball for two years. Verge has no ambition and we feel he'll succeed.



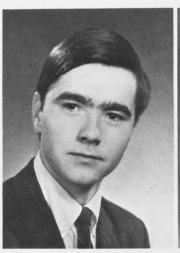
MARK DALLAS:

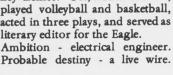
Mark was a brilliant student and a fantastic athlete. The most popular guy in the sixth, his quick wit, and his incredible intelligence never ceased to astound and sometimes scare those who had the privilege of seeing how Mark's ideas compared with those of Plato, Newton, Socrates, Einstein, and McLeod. Because he was so much better than it, he had a rather jaundiced view of the world. Mark also edited the yearbook.



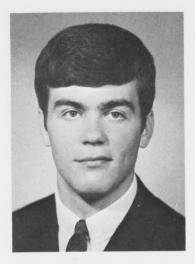
ED ORTON:

This year Ed came into boarding and set the whole school back on its heels. Before Ed's annual injury, he was a regular on the senior football and always came through in the clutch with key tackles. Ort, a R.R. scholar, played volleyball and basketball, acted in three plays, and served as literary editor for the Eagle. Ambition - electrical engineer.







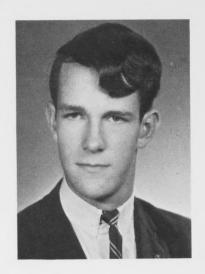


GAVIN SMITH:

Gav, when he did bring his head down from above, was one of grade XII's most active and popular students. His mania for hockey often brought him out to the arena at 6:00 A.M. and he and Mr. Olsen fruitlessly promoted V.W.'s. Gav's secret ambition is to be a professional hockey player. We feel he might just make it.



Beaner, the sole remaining member of the 3:01 club, was often seen as a red blur heading down the dike and on weekends he hooked up a trailer and took Jolly down to the drags. John as per usual materialized in grade XII this year and will doubtless continue to seep through to university. John's future is uncertain, but he will probably end up as a driveshaft.



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ROB KENNEDY:

Rob carved himself a niche in the lacrosse team as chief on the squad. Other feathers in his cap include: senior football, hockey, and survival in Kenora. One of the best-liked boys in the sixth, a very reserved boy, Rob and his easygoing and exceptionally friendly manner will surely win him many opportunities to achieve whatever he wishes.



RON LITTLE:

Ron's laugh could be counted on to brighten up the most glum of evenings and his easy-going manner was put to the greatest advantage as in Murder in the Cathedral, and in Henry the Fifth. Ron also played senior football. In short, he was the playboy of the sixth. In August, Ron was found flicking the hair out of his eyes while writing sups. His bubbling personality will undoubtedly lead him to succeed in his chosen field.



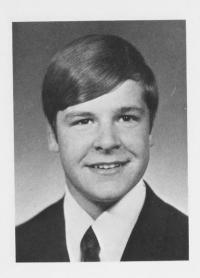
BUD McKNIGHT:

Farm-boy commuted from Roland to S.J.R. to B.H. to Roland, in that order. He was usually silent, but, in Hill's company, it was safest to retire about a quarter of a mile. Bud played hockey and lacrosse with the same enthusiasm he had for Friday afternoons. His ambition is to go into Agriculture at U. of M., BUT he'll probably make premier.



Jean-Paul could often be heard splashing about the dark room, copying pictures from Black's library. Paul's definess at handling a lacrosse racket made his opponents green with envy, but Paul, a modest guy could never be heard croaking about it. Paul's eyes seemed to develope a slight negativity as he worked long hours to obtain a R.R. scholarship. Paul's ambition is to become a doctor, but he will probably become "un médecin"





DAVID BOULT:

Bogie's friendly comments will be missed by Jollyand Progy. Dave, the other lippy one, spends much time on a Robert Lowry muscle-building course. When this better-than-average student missed his 3:01 ride he played senior lacrosse and hockey. Dave's ambition is becoming a lawyer, and he'll probably have a lot to do with courts.

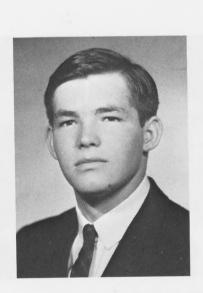


Tommy, the terror of the physics lab, wins a round of applause for his good nature and unintentional humor. (Where's my briefcase?) One of the hard workers in XII, he managed to take time from his studies to participate in cross-country and soccer. In future, Tom hopes to rule Unity with an iron hand, but we feel that his ultimate fate will be assembling accordions.



KIT ROWLEY:

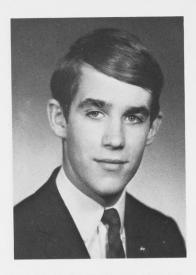
For as long as we've known Rowley, all his troubles have been kept in his old kit-bag. The hardest working boy in grade XII could often be found studying between the hours of 11:00 P.M. and 7:00 A.M. When exposed to sports, Kit's strong, silent side was instantly transformed into the personification of school spirit. If there's, as they say, no substitute for hard work, Kit's future success is assured.



DOUG NESBITT:

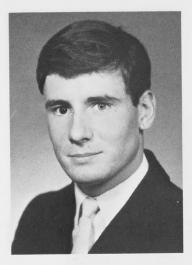
Farouk, the other African export, spent the time he had left after reading Air Force propaganda being Barny's bodyguard. Doug was a newcomer to S.J.R., and participated in lacrosse, basketball and hair styling, and was responsible for some of the brilliant photography in the Eagle. Doug nearly lost his will to live when his model airplane did a nosedive as soon as it was off the ground. We hope he does better in the Air Force.





JOHN KILGOUR:

Affectionately named Sixth Form Janny Man of the Year. Kilgour also cleaned up on the lacrosse field. "Garbage", says Kennedy. Apparently John, a deep thinker, fooled us all several times. He is a firm believer in the rumor that the meek will inherit the earth. His ambition is to be a lawyer, and he will probably clean up in the court rooms, too.



MARK STETHEM:

Monsieur Stethem, who hails from la belle province, which is somewhere near P.E.I., was a prefect who ran his kingdom from a horizontal throne. Constant desire for biological knowledge gave him the strongest arms in the school. These he put to good use on the football field, and in field events. Mark wants to be an oceanographer, and his wide knowledge of aquatic life should stand him in good stead with his vocation.



Fang, Southport's pet ghoul, could be seen continuously out for blood on the soccer field. Brian seemed to have trouble scaring up answers in Maths this year, but no matter how ridiculous his responses were, Fang's toothy grin usually accompanied them. Frank's sinister exterior could not conceal his spirited nature, and we are sure that his future life will be a howling suc-





CLIVE McEWEN:

Paddy, Ireland's offering, was the school's best all-round athlete, although not quite in Black's class. His grin was a welcome addition to the S.J.R. star-gazers club. McEwen occupied his horizontal throne to such an extent that he had an overhead desk. Perhaps the only one on the farm who could go on with the career of a pro-athlete, Clive, it seems, is off to Dublin in the morning. A good student, Clive aspires to be a doctor and expires 24 hours a day.

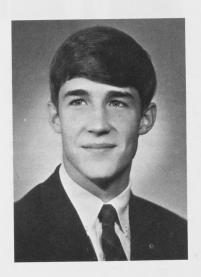


GEORGE BLACK:

If George couldn't be found roving about the halls, he could be found dreaming of puppy love. One of the finer athletes in the sixth (???) George spent much of his time trying to cultivate and co-ordinate his elegant walk. Black was continually in the doghouse with Mr. Ainley for missing the gravy-train back from Portage, but Woofer's selfspoken intelligence enabled him to lick any trouble. Ambition - Rule the world. Fate - Owned by Shandro.

CHARLES ANDISON:

Charlie, who likes the simple rural life, worked hard during his twelve years at S.J.R., and, in doing so, has received great respect for, and from, his Elders. Rasthmus was a top student, whose quick wit never ceased to amaze Mr. Gorrie. Charlie has played senior lacrosse and often resembled Jimmy Brown as he stick-handled through the team. Charlie's favorite song is Paint it Black; his favorite saying is "Smile", and his ultimate fate is a chimney sweep.





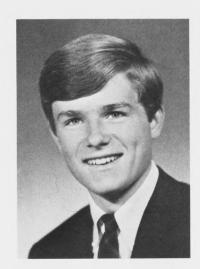
EDWARD MYERS:

'Eggy', our Centennial School Captain, comes from Hughton, Saskatchewan. Between supporting the Saskatchewan Roughriders and Young House, 'Farmer Ed' finds ample time for a select social life. This year Ed played lacrosse; a change from last year's soccer and crosscountry. Once again, Hockey is high on Ed's list of importance. Ed and Tom Bugg figure to own Saskatchewan by 1980.



Sandy, who hails from that town north of Calgary, came to S.J.R. three years ago and since then everything has come up roses. Bill, whose favorite saying is "garbage", could be seen among the masses almost every Sunday. One of Lang's roommates, Stan attempted most sports and was usually successful. Yukking it up was one of Sandy's favorite pastimes, that is when he wasn't crossly protesting Lang's privilege to exist.

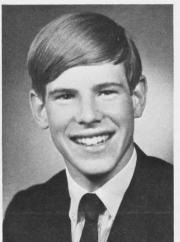
Ambition - to sell Edmonton. Probable destiny - slumlord and owner of the Warsaw ghettos.



BOB DIDUR:

Colonel Klink, a new import to the school from The Pas, can be seen deftly manoevering his way down the halls on his crutches. His senior football days were ended by an injury, but Bob expects to be ready for basketball season. He'll take on all comers at pool, and usually manages to come out on top. We wish him luck.



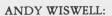


JIM LAWSON:

Yimmy was the other half of the St. Norbert contingent in the sixth. He played a mean lead guitar in everybody's favorite band, enjoyed his second year at senior rugby, and toiled as advertising editor for the Eagle. Chrysler's answer to everything, Billy could be seen lounging on a rug on Saturdays, discussing the merits of Ed McQuarter, and Saskatchewan's hopes of a success in the Grey Cup. Jim's ambition is to invent a curl-free hair spray.

JOHN ANDERSON:

A boarder since grade eight, Barney seems to pull through each year despite his constant abstraction: guns and hunting. The "Terror of the Marshes" plans to become "a policeman, sir!" This year Big Al "volunteered" for senior football, and was a credit to the team. Barney moved from Oak Lake to Winnipeg this year, and is now closer to Rocky Bob and his antics.



Andy was one of the more prominent members of the sixth, and he could usually be heard before he was seen. Wandy played senior soccer, volleyball, hockey, and on afternoons he could be found in the gym, teaching the younger boys some of the finer points of wacking a badminton bird around the gym. We wish our bleach blond continued luck.



Red River Scholars



BACK ROW: Paul Riome, Hugh Brock, Mr. Gordon, Michael Menzies.
FRONT ROW: Richard Woodhead, Helmut Verges, Burke Thornton, Michael Payne, Edward Orton, Mark Dallas, Don Denmark, Lawrence Thompson, Nathan Kobrinsky.

Red River Scholarship applications over the past few years have come from all over Canada and from the United States. Winners of the scholarships have come to us from Winnipeg and St. Boniface, from Regina, Edmonton, Calgary, Kelowna, Penticton, Vancouver, Victoria, Ralston, Hinton and Moose Jaw.

The scheme is still young but already it has an appreciable influence on the life of the school. It will grow and prosper and the time will come when we have Red River Scholars from every province in Canada. The Scholars themselves must carry a large measure of responsibility for the success of the idea. Their success in the school and later in the universities they attend and later still in their chosen occupations will be the best assurance we can have for the future of Red River Scholarships.



Form U
McLeod

TOP ROW: Gardner, Searle, Denmark, Wyatt, Mr. McLeod, MacCreath, Schwartz, Bookbinder,

Hutchings.

BOTTOM ROW: Rowed, Sherman, Finlayson, Jacklin, Lewis, Thomas M., Rowand, Lawrence.

Form V Gorrie



TOP ROW: Ramsay, Lang, Woodhead, Spaith B., Mr. Gorrie, Simmons, Barrol, Payne, Pinn. BOTTOM ROW: Thomas G., Saywell, English, Burns, Lauder, Dawes, Gollwitzer, Palmer.

Form 10 Glegg



TOP ROW: Thornton, McKnight, Von Vegesack, Mitchell, Dufaut, Mr. Glegg, Wood, Campbell, Bruce, Manziuk, Donahue.

BOTTOM ROW: Fraser, Mitchell C., McDonald, Almes, Tapper, LaBerge, Law, Bredin, Spaith D., Black, Rolf.



Form 10 Wellard

TOP ROW: Smith, Hutchings R., Moss, Allison, Spooner, Mr. Wellard, Dampier, MacDonald, Kobrinsky, Wright.

BOTTOM ROW: McNichol, Bitelow, McPherson, Tamblyn, Nicolson, Thomas H., Nothstein, David, Kilgour, Thompson.



Form 111 Leonard

TOP ROW: Kiddell, Harris, Stanton, Lansky, Richardson J., Heffelfinger, Menzies, Mr. Broderick, Styffe, McGregor, Barnes, McIntyre.

BOTTOM ROW: Tulloh, Bell, Mitchell, Matthews, Whittaker, Malcolmson.

Form 111 Broderick



TOP ROW: Boutl, Richardson R., Lewkin Briggs.
MIDDLE ROW: Gillespie, Giesbrecht, Mr. Leonard, Bardiner, Noble, Beech.
BOTTOM ROW: Hammond, Saunders, Young, Myers.

Form 11 Penaluna



TOP ROW: Tucker, McMorris, Dickson B., Shore, Mr. Penaluna, Longstaffe, Johnson, Rowand, Dickson P.

BOTTOM ROW: Waddell, Gibbons, Kieran, Beaton, Wallace, Weare, Burns, Ferguson, Morgan, Brock.



Form 11
Stewart

TOP ROW: Mardon, Searle, Richardson, Turchen, Mr. Stewart, McMurray, Strachan, Milne, Riley. BOTTOM ROW: Myers, Steevens, Johnson, Krueger, Clews, Powell, Harrison, Forsythe, Patterson.



Slump on the peanut-butter market.



Alms strikes again!



"And on the seventh day he rested ..."



"Hey, Larry, don't be so #!\$/? lazy!"



"NOW what the hell's wrong?"



"Ace told me to go and shave."



"I god adother code id by dose."



". . . . and stop calling me Cork!"







Prize Winners 1967

His Excellency the Governor General's Medal for General Proficiency, 1966 British Public School's Prize Jean Joy Memorial English Prize Board of Governors' Medal for Lower School MARI Frederick Johnson Memorial Prize Norman Young English and History Prize J.L. Doupe Prize for Mathematics Mc Eachern Memorial Science Prizes NA P.H.A. Wykes Mathematics Prize	RK JACKMAN – Form VI Upper
Walter Burman Prize for Latin	
Lower School Prizes:	
Mathematics	STEPHAN KRUEGER
English	WILLIAM ANNETT
Art	MICHAEL PURDY
Music	STEPHEN GOLDRING
Walter J. Burman and Associates Prize	
Lower School Honours Trophy	
Masters' Shield for Total House Points	
The Eagle Prize	
Photography Prize	
Chown Prize for Music	
Lower School Spelling Cup	

Prize Day

The guest speaker at the Prize Day Ceremonies this year was Mr. E.M. Davidson of the University of Toronto. In his address, Mr. Davidson pointed out the criterion used by universities in reviewing prospective students. The four main attributes that are most necessary are: proven past performance, probable future potential, independ-

ence of thought and character, and an ability to go it alone.

Promises for the future are important, but not sufficient alone. Applicants must present a record of past performance to support these promises. If a student builds up a good record, he will be sought after as a person most likely to repeat his successes in the future. Behaviour, approaching people and jobs to be done, is important in all fields of endeavour. People who approach all tasks with a willing and helpful frame of mind paint a fine composite picture of themselves for future university entrance reviewers.

Potential for the future is much more difficult for universities to measure than past performance. One of the most important things any student must do is to realize his own potential. He must aim at those targets which are open to him in his situation and with his personal ability. Much more important than the presence of potential and natural ability is the useful application of that ability. Universities are paying an increasing amount of attention to standardized tests to measure native ability. Students, too, must welcome these tests as guides in setting their goals.

Future potential is difficult to measure; independence of thought and character is quite unmeasurable. This quality, however, is essential in learning as opposed to being taught. Frontiers of learning are open to those wishing to exploit them more

today than ever before in the history of mankind.

The ability to go it alone is the last but not least essential quality for a student entering university. From your very first appearance in an institution of learning, you are gradually pushed toward this eventual end. Whether or not this goal is achieved is primarily up to the individual concerned. As soon as he learns to read, he has made the first step towards shifting dependence from the teacher to the book, and therefore the responsibility of the learner. When used properly, the book is a better teacher than the human one in that it is not subject to human flaws and temperament. A transfer from human to bookish learning must take place before university entrance if an individual is to survive. In these institutions, instructors touch on only a small fraction of what the student must encompass in the course of a year. In essence, the ability to go it alone is complete when a complete transition has been made from the process of being taught to the process of learning.

Mr. Davidson did not try to tell us how to govern ourselves. What he did do was to give us an insight into a process of which most of us had little or no knowledge. His explanations gave all of us, and especially the senior boys, a guide in pre-

paring for university and advanced education.

Dedication of the Dutton Memorial Arena



The Dutton Memorial Arena was formally opened by Mr. M.A. "Red" Dutton on Friday, September 29, 1967.

The following words are inscribed on a memorial tablet which has been placed at the entrance to the new Arena:

"This Arena is dedicated to the memory of Joseph Mervyn Dutton and Thomas Alexander Dutton who attended this school and were killed while serving with the R.C.A.F. in the Second World War.

Created for the hockey teams of St. John's-Ravenscourt and as a practice home of Canada's National Team this Memorial Arena of international size was made possible by the inspiration and generosity of M.A. "Red" Dutton and G. Max Bell and other friends of the school and of hockey."

In a poignant ceremony which brought back old and treasured memories to many in attendance, the Dutton Memorial Hockey Arena on the campus of St. John's-Ravenscourt school in Fort Garry, was officially opened Friday afternoon, September 29, by Mervyn (Red) Dutton of Calgary, whose gift it was to the school he, and his three sons, once attended.

Hockey players and officials and citizens from all walks of life and from all parts of Canada were in attendance when Dutton unveiled a flag-draped plaque at the entrance of the striking \$450,000 structure.

The blessing was given by Father David Bauer, who has done so much to create Canada's National Hockey team.

Len McMurray, who acted as master of ceremonies for the occasion, opened a centre ice program in which he stated:

"Over a long period of time, the name M.A. (Red) Dutton has been synonymous with hockey. While it may mean more to those who followed the game in the 1920's and 1930's the legend built up around this man, has in no way diminished in the minds of any, and in fact, I think you can safely say it has steadily grown.

"Through the truly great efforts of Max Bell, James Richardson and Mr. Dutton, this Dutton Memorial Arena is being officially opened today."

Mr. McMurray went on to thank Mr. Dutton on behalf of the boys at St. John's-Ravenscourt and the community at large, for his generosity and inspiration.

Premier Duff Roblin, who followed Mr. McMurray to the microphone, recalled that he attended old St. John's College at the same time as Joe and Alex Dutton.

He said, the old St. John's school has long since disappeared

but the spirit of those times and the tradition of the school still continues.

In conclusion, Mr. Roblin remarked: "This rink is a fitting memorial to two fine Canadians and provides the opportunity and challenge to the coming generations to rise to highest levels in their athletic ability and sportsmanship."

In his dedication address, Mr. Dutton said:

"As I look around this arena my thoughts go back to St. John's College school and the rink we had there. I feel pretty certain that we could put three rinks its size into this one we are in today."

"I spent four years at St. John's. We competed in hockey, lacrosse, soccer, football, baseball and cricket and everyone took part."

"Walter Burman was our headmaster. He was a great man and I became very fond of him. His counselling and guidance has had a lot to do with my way of life and I know he would be happy on this occasion."

"Many fine hockey players attended St. John's and I feel assured there will be many more."

"This arena is being dedicated in memory of my two sons, Joe and Alex, who were students at St. John's, as was my son Norman who is with me today. You have made all the Duttons proud and happy."

At the conclusion of his address, Mr. Dutton was presented with a scroll on behalf of St. John's-Ravenscourt by Eddie Myers, captain of the school hockey team.

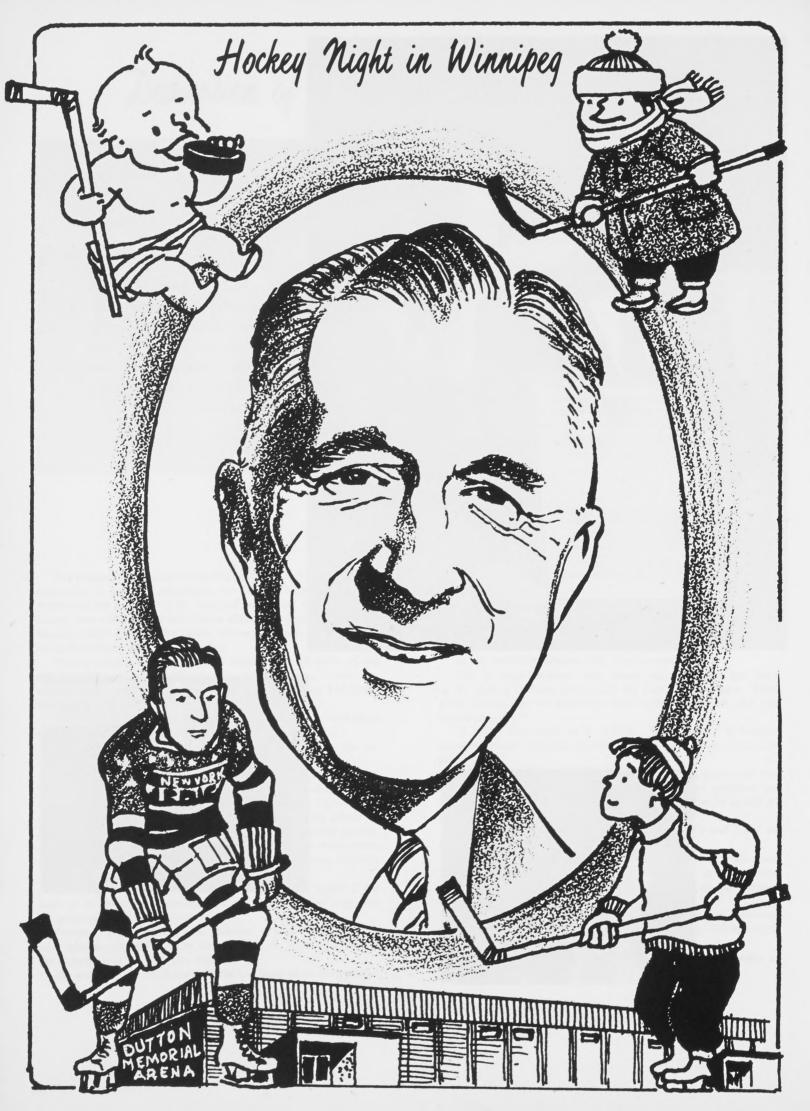
All members of Canada's National Hockey Team were in attendance.



M.A. "Red" Dutton and son Norman with plaque acknowledging "leadership . . . in the creation of the Dutton Memorial Arena."







Eddie Shore, former N.H.L. player, was one of the many dignitaries present at Hockey Night in Winnipeg.



Five hundred of Mervyn 'Red' Dutton's friends showed up at the Fort Garry and made 'Hockey Night in Winnipeg' one of the most memorable events in the city's long and illustrious association with the sport.

They — hockey people — came from coast to coast to honour a man who has given so much to the National Hockey League, Winnipeg, the city of his birth, and Canada.

It was, indeed, and enormous gathering of hockey personalities. 'King' Clancy came from Toronto, Clarence Cambell, the NHL president, flew here from Montreal, 'Babe' Pratt made the trip from the west coast, 'Sweeney' Schriner, Fred Page, president of the CGHA, were on hand, as were Sid Abel, coach and manager of the Detroit Red Wings, Frank McCool, folly fack Adams, Monsigneur Athol Murray, Rev. David Bauer, Premier Duff Roblin, Ian Sinclair, president of the CPR, Calgary publisher Max Bell, Winnipeg financier, James Richardson, Foster Hewitt, John Wintermeyer, Eddie Shore, Frank Boucher and all the members of the Detroit Red Wings and Canada's National hockey teams, to mention a small handful of dignitaries who were present.

Dutton, showing the old fire in his speech, was emotionally choked up at times.

"What has happened here today makes me proud to be a part of our great game," Dutton told his audience. "I owe everything to hockey – the friends I have and my business."

A huge portrait of Dutton and a banner reading 'Welcome Mervyn (Red) Dutton' hung on the wall behind him as he spoke.

Dutton vividly recalled some of the incidents and players who helped make hockey the great spectator sport it is today.

Dutton spoke on Canadianism at length. 'What a feeling it

is to be a Canadian. We have the greatest country in the world and hockey unifies it more than any other sport. We can well be proud of our national game and the men who play it."

Earlier in the day, the Dutton Memorial Arena on the St. John's-Ravenscourt School grounds was dedicated to "Red" Dutton's two sons, Joseph and Thomas who were killed in the Second World War.

James Richardson and Max Bell, co-chairmen of the successful \$25 plate dinner, paid tribute to Dutton and the Arena which he was instrumental in building.

"The Dutton Memorial Arena now becomes a stepping stone on our way toward improving our position in world amateur hockey", Richardson said.

Max Bell called the former NHL president "the most complete Canadian I know."

"He was a good hockey player in the best league in the world, a coach and then its president," Bell said.

"In war, he gave two sons and nearly lost his own life, while in peace he contributed handsomely to charities and hospitals."

Syndicated columnist Jim Coleman, who acted as master of ceremonies, read numerous telegrams Dutton received from across Canada.

One was from Conn Smythe who called him "a great soldier and a great Canadian."

"King" Clancy, was called upon to speak briefly and all but stole the show with his humor.

Other speakers included Premier Roblin, "Babe" Pratt, Father Bauer and Foster Hewitt.

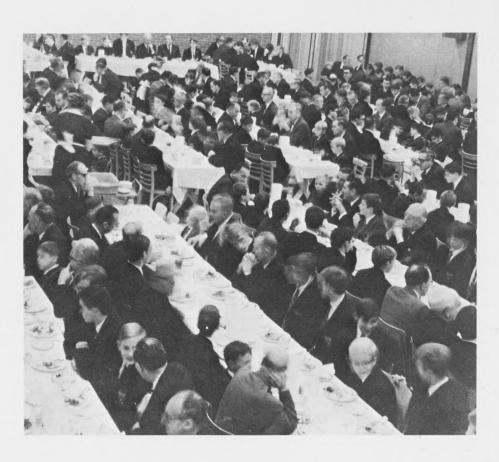


Red Dutton in whose honor the dinner was held.

Fathers' and



The Banquet in Hamber Hall.





The annual Father's and Son's weekend was held on the weekend of October 20 and 21. Although early Saturday morning the temperature was a little on the cool side, the fathers turned up in fair numbers to have coffee and hear vice-captain Greg Hill's speech of welcome at 9:30.

The first event following the welcome by Hill was an Intermediate football game against St. Paul's. A victorious trend was set as the Intermediates put down St. Paul's 20-13. The six-man championship which was held simultaneously with the Intermediate game was taken by Hammond's team after a fine game.

The senior football and senior soccer teams met their rivals at 10:30 A.M. The football team fought back to take an 18-14 decision from Land Mark in a tough contest. The senior soccer team wishing to continue the winning trend edged Fort Garry 1-0 in a hard fought game.

The Upper School shooting matches were also held in the rifle range during the morning. The boys shot against their fathers and lost by a slim margin on total.

In the afternoon three hockey games took place in the recently opened Dutton Memorial Arena. The teams were set up by grades and skill and the competition was keen.

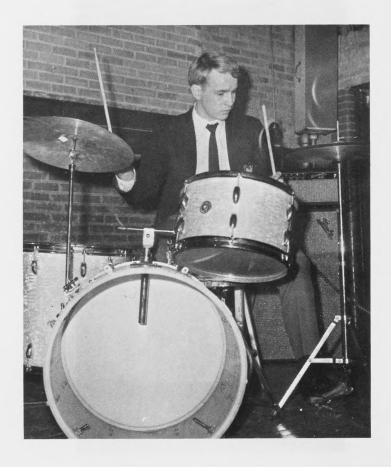
At 6:30 the annual banquet took place. The fathers accompanied by their sons were piped into the dining hall by David Allison. At the head table were Headmaster Mr. Gordon along with School Captain Eddie Myers, his father, and Eddie's two younger brothers, Munroe and George. Mr. Gordon proposed a toast to the Queen and then Eddie proposed a toast to the fathers which all the boys took part in. After dinner Mr. Gordon turned the microphone over to Eddie Myers to deliver the annual School Captain's speech. After a fine speech by Myers, fathers and sons alike proceeded to the Richardson Gymnasium for an entertainment period. Mr. A.S. Hutchings acting as master of ceremonies, introduced the first act on the program which was the 'school choir' singing, "This Land is Our Land", and "Song of the Plains". After a fine effort by the choir under the direction of Mr. H. Shepherd, Thomas Frederic Bugg came on and played a lively number on his accordion which was enjoyed by all. Then came the 'Thompson House Cowboys' The Cowboys consisted of Stewart, banjo; Ron Little and John singing and playing. MacDonald on guitar. They sung "The Gypsy Rover" and "Four Strong Winds" almost like the original singers and received a good hand.

Son's Weekend



Then for the younger generation of fathers and all the sons the Ravenscourt Combo performed well singing "Darlin Be Home Soon", and "Gloria". The members of the band were Greg Lawrence, drums; Chas. Andison, bass guitar; Jim Lawson, rhythm guitar; Sandy Shandro, organ and vocal. The final act was Front Page Challenge. Dr. Truelove, Gary Dineen, Mr. Myers, and Mr. Matthews were on the panel and guessed four of five events of Canadian history. Master of Ceremonies Hutchings at the conclusion of Front Page Challenge joyously cried: "Let's all go for a skate." Many fathers along with their sons went for a skate to music for an hour at the conclusion of the program of entertainment.

The weekend continued the next day with a Sunday Morning Chapel Service at 11:00 which was well attended by all the boys and their families. The sermon by Rev. Timothy Sale of the Fort Garry Anglican Church was very interesting and applied to relationships within the family. Coffee was served afterwards and then the traditional inter-provincial tug-o-war was staged, and as usual, 'Alberta' won. This ended a fine Father's and Son's weekend which I am sure was enjoyed by all who attended.



Richard 11

Make-Up



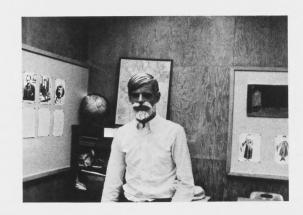












Action



Rehearsal Costumes







Sound



Director





Presented by The Boy Players of St. John's-Ravenscourt School Thursday, on April 25th and Friday, April 26th at 8:00 P.M. in the Playhouse Theatre.

School Choir

The choir rose to new heights this year with a very successful carol concert at Christmas, and again a successful presentation as a part of "Our Sound", an array of boys presenting the musical talent of the school. The team of Mr. Shepherd as director and Mrs. Barrett as pianist has put in long hours of hard work in perfecting the various numbers.

About twenty-five boys from the Upper School formed the bass and tenor sections. At some rehearsals these numbers dwindled, but a good showing was made by all in the major presentations. Several members of staff formed thd nucleus of these sections. They were Mr. Bevis, Mr. Kiddell, Mr. Penaluna and Mr. Stewart.

Rehearsals took place on Tuesdays, and usually lasted about an hour. The going got a little rough at times, but in the end it was all well worth the effort.

It is hopes that next year the numbers of the choir will increase.

Card Service

The Carol Service this year was quite successful. Nine lessons were read from the Bible by boys and masters of the school. The service commenced with 'O Come All Ye Faithful', which was the cue for the entrance of a procession of Grade I's. These young boys symbolized successfully the spirit of Christmas.

The Carol Service touched many different aspects of Christmas, beginning with God's pormise to send a Saviour into the world. This Christmas story, however often it may be told, arouses the listener with feeling of wonder and awe. The carols gave the congregation, who often joined in, a chance to present their own feelings about Christmas. Thus, not only the boys took part in this joyful occasion, but also the congregation. The service was a full school effort in which all the boys participated.

After the service, tea and coffee were served in the gymnasium. This was prepared by the kitchen staff of the school, and I am sure left the congregation and the boys contented. Many thanks to Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Gordon for their persistent effort in making the Carol Service enjoyable and refined, although it will continue to improve in the years to come.

Christmas Party

On the night of December 15th, a Christmas Tree was raised and decorated on the main floor of Thompson House. All the residents of Thompson House took part, and were joined by Mr. Gordon, Mr. Hammond, Mr. Glegg and their wives.

The record player accompanied the decorating of the tree, with a recording of the school singing in an earlier Carol Service. Comparison of the merits of the recorded singing of some years ago, and the undoubted attraction of the performance of our present choristers proved inconclusive.

Singing (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) lasted until late in the evening, and it is hoped that this ceremony, an innovation for the school, will be continued as a tradition in Thompson House.

Thanks to Tom Gordon for the refreshments.

Fort Providence

For the past two years, St. John's-Ravenscourt has been closely associated with the community of Fort Providence in the North-West Territories.

During the first term, the boys are asked to bring in any old clothes that they might have at home. These are placed in the front hall until a formidable pile has been collected. The clothes are then placed in bags and boxes and shipped to their northern destination.

Once in the community, the clothes are not simply given away. They are priced according to the income of each individual buyer. The money rasied from the sale of these articles is used to finance the building of a community club, their Centennial Project.

We gathered more clothes this year than any previous year. Over forty bundles of clothes were sent and we received many thanks for our efforts.



Senior Prefects



John Macbeth, Greg Hill, Ed Myers, Mr. R.L. Gordon, Bob Dunstan, Andy Wiswell, Mark Stethem, Clive McEwen, Rob Kennedy.

Junior Prefects



Lauren Jacklin, Bernie Saywell, Bob Spaith, Stewart Searle, John Hutchings, Gerald Schwartz, Greg Thomas, Greg Lawrence.

As Centennial Year occurs only once, it seems suitable in this issue of THE EAGLE that space be devoted to S.J.R.'s part in the celebration of Canada's birthday. In most cases this will be merely a listing of events which are more fully written up in this yearbook or in the yearbook of last year, our Centennial Issue. To me the most interesting aspect of this review of the year is the number of events which involved the school in the life of the community at large. The school may be a microcosm of the outside world but it is also a part of that world.

The year 1967 began with S.J.R.'s major centennial project, Meet Manitoba, which brought together at the school 65 students representing 33 ethnic groups resident in Manitoba. This event happened simultaneously at the school with the Lower School Headmasters' Conference which brought together Headmasters from across Canada. The climax to both these meetings came with their joining together to attend the Russian - Canadian National game in the Centennial Hockey Tournament at which Lester B. Pearson dropped the puck. The Prime Minister honoured the school by personally greeting the Meet Manitoba group at this game. As two members of the National Team are members of our staff and the wife of a third we felt part of the team when they won the tournament in that game.

In February, a large contingent of S.J.R. boys and staff journeyed by bus to the lakehead for the annual Ski Weekend. This was followed on February 18th. by the annual Winter Carnival which raised money for the SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND.

During the Easter holidays I took a group of twenty-five boys on a tour of New York and visited the site of Expo on the return trip. At Expo through the kindness of The Hon. Robert Winters we were taken on a complete tour of the grounds and pavilions of Expo three weeks before Expo opened. In connection with Expo, every student at the school submitted an essay for the Centennial Expo Essay contest and we had three winners all of whom were given a week-long all expense paid trip to Expo in September. These boys were Dave Gargett, Darrell Laird, and Michael Payne. Another traveller to the East was Jim Lawson who was invited to participate in Upper Canada College's Centennial project.

During the summer months despite the impression that the school was a quiet retreat it became a hive of activity while hosting the following activities:

The Canadian Amateur Swimming Association Championships

Pan-Am Games

Canadian Amateur Hockey Association Leadership Institute

Pre-Season Training Camp for Canada's National Hockey Team

Much could be written about meeting Elaine Tanner and other sports notables in the halls of a boys' school but I will restrict my remarks to the fact that in all of these activities staff and boys were involved in a variety of ways. Mr. Glegg was site manager during Pan-Am games while Mr. Shepherd was cashier for the dining room. Mr. Broderick looked after the arrangements for the hockey institute and Barney Anderson and John Gollwitzer were bus boys. Gavin Smith looked after the tennis courts. I blended this athletic atmosphere with my Ph.D. studies in English at the University of Manitoba during the summer and then in August represented the school at the International Conference of Teachers of English which met in Vancouver.

Year 1967

Other summer activities of staff and students included Mr. Gordon's trip to the Northwest territories and Mr. Olsen's summer studies; both of these are reported elsewhere. Mr. Bredin travelled to Expo and to the Maritimes. Mr. Stewart attended the I.M.E. (Interaction of Matter and Energy) Science Briefing Session in Minneapolis.

In the fall the biggest event was, of course, the official opening of the Dutton Memorial Arena with the Premier of Manitoba, Duff Roblin present and climaxed by Hockey Night in Winnipeg in honour of Red Dutton. The arena has been used this winter by many groups besides the school including amateur hockey groups who are not charged in all cases for the ice time. Another major event of the fall was the Annual Meeting of the Canadian Independent Schools Headmasters' Association which for the first time met during term time: this gave the twenty-five headmasters from across Canada the opportunity to observe the school in operation while carrying on their deliberations. Also during the Fall the school hosted a weekend Hockey Coaching Workshop.

I have deliberately left out of this account all those activities which went on at the school like Carol Service, Prize Day, A Theatre Happening etc.; these are school events. I wished to draw attention to those activities which make St. John's-Ravenscourt School a participating member in the community, however large you may wish to make that community. To conclude the year the boys organized their annual gift of clothes and toys for Indians in the Northwest Territories. In this way and in many others S.J.R. carries on its role in the world of education of the body, the mind and the soul.

Gordon D. McLeod Staff Adviser

The two color pages following are compliments of Bird Construction Co.





Boxing

This year's boxing option included some of last year's boys: Gavin Smith, Ross McKnight and John Hutchings. New boys to our option this year are Alex Dampier, Tom Knight, Rene Dufaut, Lionel Whittaker, Alan Kiddell and Munroe Myers.

Mr. Harding was our instructor. He issued 16 ounce gloves to each of us and then proceeded to teach the basic fundamentals beginning with footwork and the "On Guard" position. Upon mastering these, we then engaged in contact drills such as jabbing, jab and block, jab, block and counter to head or body. These periods which took place each Friday were climaxed by a series of short sparring sessions. The pairing of boys was done by size and weight.

Apart from a few cut lips and the odd bleeding nose we have all enjoyed taking part in this option. Special mention to Gavin Smith (our best boxer) who took charge of these sessions on several occasions when Mr.

Harding was absent.

All the group wants to thank Mr. Harding for his time and help. He taught us a great deal about self-defence and respect for our fellowman.

Shooting

This year there were so many boys who wanted to shoot that it was necessary to hold a competition to decide who should be allowed to enter. The top fifteen shots were taken into the Shooting Option, and are now working towards the Dominion Marksman awards. Already we have several boys who have qualified for their Silver Awards, and by June, we hope to have some Gold Awards.

One encouraging factor for the future is the number of boys in the lower grades who are shooting consistently well. This means that some of them may be able to qualify for the rather more difficult awards in the future.

Our thanks must go to the St. Charles Pistol and Revolver Club who last year presented us with a hand-some and impressive trophy to be awarded to the best shot in the school. Last year it was won by David James, and this year the winner will be decided on the basis of the best average score shot throughout the year. At present the competition is wide open, but an average of better than 97 out of 100 will probably be necessary.

Auto Mechanics

There are three cars, in various states of disrepair, sinking slowly into the sand under the Arena. Unfortunately, the enthusiasm for purchasing these cars has not carried over very successfully into much being done about their ailments.

A fair amount of successful work has been carried out on Mark Stethem's car, which should, with luck, convey him in reasonable comfort to Montreal in the summer.

The fate of the other two cars seems to be annihilation in a crusher, after an expensive tow-job. Perhaps they should have suffered this fate months ago, rather than their present state of ignominious neglect.

Economics

This year's Economics Option under the leadership of Mr. Penaluna, was Ravenscourt's attempt to enlighten as many boys as were interested in World Trade and Finance.

The option involved six boys: Brian Spooner, who related the Theory of Comparative Costs to basketball, and was duly fouled out; John McNichol, who found Economics gave him a slight case of indigestion; John Stanton, who always managed to remain demure and despite Bugg's insistence the Unity was indeed the hub of World Trade; Ed Myers, whose economics ability will go into drafting a pension plan for this year's version of the Toronto Maple Leafs; Tom Bugg, the intellectual and financial prince of the Banking World; and Clive McEwen, whose brilliant philosophy concerning the manipulation of the buck, astounded without exception, all members of this money-minded assemblage.

We would like to thank Mr. Penaluna for taking on this monumentous task of attempting to expound financial theory on the abysmally ignorant and mentallyhandicapped. Such a fardel is weight enough for anyone to bear. However his efforts were well worth what work he put into our meetings, for after no more than five gatherings the world suffered its worse financial crisis in thirty years. May next year's Economists have

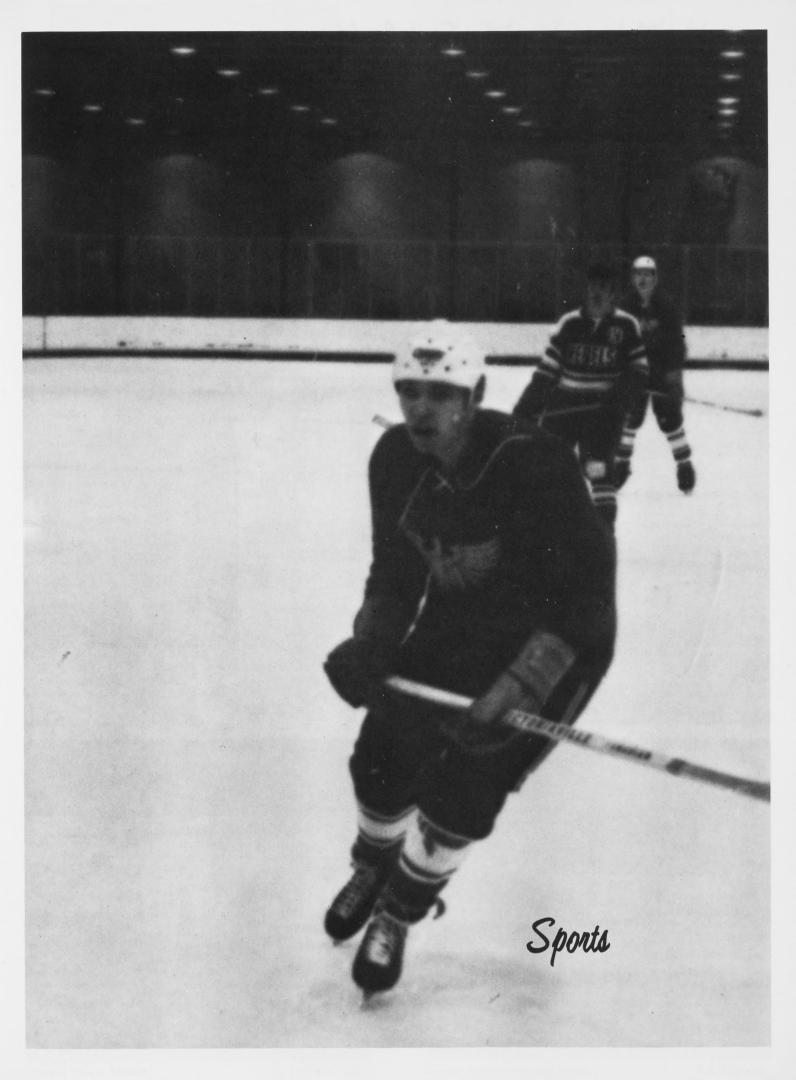
even better results.



Photography

This year the Photography Option had nine members, six of whom were beginners in developing films and printing the negatives. Paul Riome assisted Mr. McCracken in teaching the members of the club the many different factors involved in creating a photograph and making that photograph visible to the human eye.

The Photography Option members used a dark room in the basement of the gymnasium where they performed their numerous operations. The room was small, and particularly stuffy when all the members were present. At the end of a busy day, the dark room would contain a collection of photographic paper, negatives, and rubbish, all of which, to the members concerned, symbolized work well done.



Sports Candids





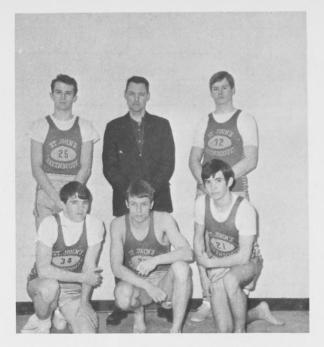












STANDING: B. Spooner, Mr. Harding, J. Hutchings. KNEELING: B. Dunstan, C. McEwen, M. Dallas.

Irack and Field

The school's track contingent was not as large as it might have been, but those composing it made a very strong showing in the Zone Twelve Track Meet and a respectable one in the Provincials. Individuals went to the Zone Twelve Track Meet, and if successful, were to represent Zone Twelve in the Provincials. Ravenscourt virtually swept the Zone Tewlve and as a result sent six men to the Provincials. They were Mark Dallas, 880 vard run, Clive McEwen, triple and broad jump, Bob Dunstan and Brian Spooner, the mile and 880 yard run, John Macbeth, triple jump and the 220 yard run, and John Hutchings, discus. The team managed only two thirds; one in the triple jump by Clive McEwen and one in the mile by Bob Dunstan. With a little effort next year, S.J.R. boys ought to make a bigger splash than last year.

We should like to thank Mr. Harding and Mr. Glegg for their time in transporting us to and from the meets

and for organizing the team.

Athletic Dinner

Once again the annual Athletic Dinner was a huge success. The guest speaker was Mr. Gary Dineen of the Canadian National Hockey Team. Mr. Dineen stressed to the boys present the value of a higher education, and the necessity in striving in order to achieve. After his speech the prizes were distributed to individual and team winners. Young House, as expected, won several of the individual and senior team trophies. The other prizes

were divided up fairly evenly. Richardson House, for the second time in a row, was successful in winning the Master's Shield.

With the final term drawing near, and much of the athletic year now finished we can look upon the upcoming Athletic Dinner as a symbol of one of the finest athletic years that S.J.R. has ever had. It is our hope that next year will be even better than this.

Award Winners

Moulden Memorial Trophy (Best Rugby Player)
Cory Cup (Broad Jump Champ)
Desmond Cox Cup (Open Mile)
Taylor Cup (High Jump Champ)
Templeton Cup (Sr. Track and Field)
Chisholm Cup (Int. A Track and Field)
Thornton Trophy (Int. B Track and Field)
Moulden Cup (Jr. Track and Field)
Mermagen Cup (Sr. House Rugby)
Michael Reece Cup (Jr. House Rugby)
Osler Memorial Shield (Int. 6 Man Rugby)
N.H.L. Trophy (Sr. House Hockey)
Sellers Cup (Jr. House Hockey)

Chalice Cup

(Lower School Hockey)

Clive McEwen	Askey Cup (House Soccer)
Clive McEwen	Master Cup (House Basketball)
Bob Dunstan	Weber Trophy (House Baseball)
David Gargett	Trophee St. Boniface (Private Schools Hockey)
John Macbeth	Dinwall Cup (Cross-Country)
Clive McEwen	Lowe Cup (Indiv. Cross-Country)
Sandy Shandro	St. Charles Trophy (Marksmanship)
Brian Spooner	Shooting Trophy (Lower School Boarders) (Lower School Day Boys)
Young (Doug Spaith) Richardson	Hobson Memorial Shield (Lower School Athletics)
(Doug Spaith) "The Surfers"	Bedson Cup (Best Gymnast)
(Ken Manzuik)	Chess Trophy (Tournament)
Young (Paul Leatherdale)	Mills Cup (Sr. Prof. in Athletics)
Richardson (Greg Thomas)	Basil Baker Memorial Shiel (Gen. Prof. in Hockey)
Hamber	(Gen. 1101. In 110ckcy)

(Derek Riley)

skey Cup House Soccer)	Young (Peter Sheen)
laster Cup House Basketball)	Richardson (David Gargett)
Veber Trophy House Baseball)	Hamber and Young (Jackman and Williams)
rophee St. Boniface Private Schools Hockey)	Senior B
Dinwall Cup Cross-Country)	Hamber (Mark Jackman)
owe Cup Indiv. Cross-Country)	Bob Dunstan
t. Charles Trophy Marksmanship)	David James
hooting Trophy Lower School Boarders) Lower School Day Boys)	Stephen Krueger Gordon Strachan
Hobson Memorial Shield Lower School Athletics)	Hamber (Bill Annett)
Bedson Cup Best Gymnast)	Derek Timmerman
Chess Trophy Tournament)	Peter Lemon David Murdoch
Mills Cup Sr. Prof. in Athletics)	Mark Milne
Basil Baker Memorial Shield	Peter Sheen

Lestock Adams Memorial Shield

(Gen. Prof. in Athletics)

Bob Williams

House Reports Richardson House

Richardson House was off to a good start this year with wins in senior soccer and senior football. Although we had very strong teams in senior football both last year and the year before, this is the first time we have been able to win that particular event. In senior cross-country, Richardson allowed itself to be defeated in order that the other teams would not give up too early in the season.

In House hockey we appear to be very strong and should be able to put on a good show in all divisions. House

basketball and volleyball are soon to be contested and we are looking forward to both these events.

If we receive a good turn out for track and field we should be able to win the Masters Shield for the third year in a row.

I would like to thank all those who worked for Richardson House this year and especially Mr. Wellard, Mr. Glegg, Mr. Broderick, and Mr. Penaluna for their fine job in administrating House activities.

Hamber House

The year, 1968, is the year of Hamber House. As well as showing its prowess academically, Hamber House took to the playing fields with equal vigor and determination as will be shown at the Athletic Dinner in the spring when they will walk off with the Master's Shield.

As the house games get under way in the fall with football, likewise, so did Hamber's dominant teams get underway in accomplishing their long string of victories which continued throughout the year. In football, Hamber's Junior team demonstrated its superiority by winning both its games and thus, capturing the title. However, in the Intermediate division, the team did not fare so well as they lost both of their games but displayed insurmountable courage and sportsmanship. The Seniors, playing against terrific odds, fought valiantly against Richardson House but were defeated. However, in the second game, Hamber toppled Young House, and thus, gained a second place finish.

In soccer, Hamber again showed its superiority and prowess. In the Junior division, the team took to the field and completely dominated play as they clobbered their opponents by scores of 2-0 and 5-0. In the Senior division, the team put up a valiant fight in the first game, tieing Young House because of a last minute goal scored by Young House on a penalty shot. In the second game, the team played well but was beaten, surprisingly, by a superior team.

In the Cross-Country competition, Hamber again showed its superiority by placing first in the overall standings. This was accomplished as the house placed first in the Intermediate division and second in both the Senior and Junior divisions. With hockey and track and field yet to be played, Hamber is gaining momentum towards obtaining the ultimate goal in winning the Master's Shield, and this, I am sure, is inevitable.

At this point, I would like to express the House's appreciation and thanks to the House Masters, Mr. McLeod, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Olsen and Mr. Chorney in leading Hamber House to all of its present victories and the many vic-

tories which are to follow in the spring.

Young House

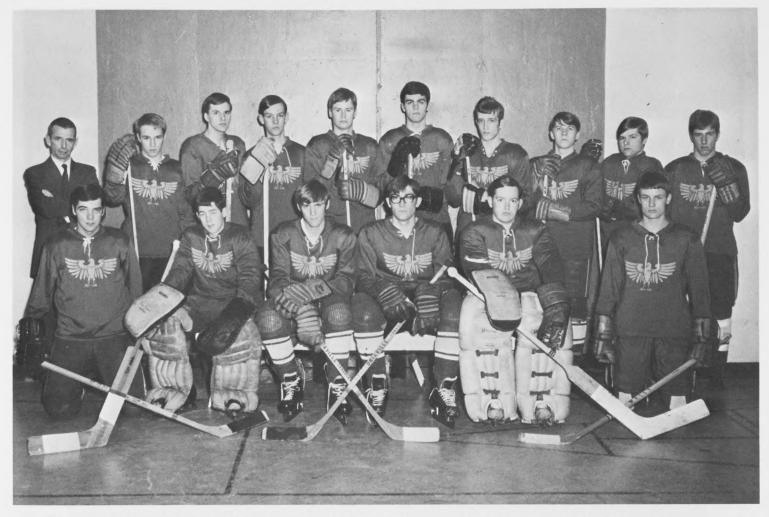
Young House, under the guidance of Mr. Ainley, is looking forward to a fine year, and perhaps even the House Shield. Since academics were introduced into the House System, Young has faced unbelievable odds in its attempt to collect enough points to win the House Shield even though it has proved itself to be the best House in the school athletically. This year is quite different. Instead of a two hundred point deficit from academics, it is back to back with its less illustrious counterparts and can look more and more towards first place.

Athletically, Young House has suffered somewhat in that it has lost a good many of its senior players. However, the Senior division gained a second in soccer and in all likelihood will win both hockey and basketball. The younger

divisions are stronger than in previous years and we expect to receive many house points from them. It is a well known fact that Young will dominate Track and Field as it has done for many years.

To next year's Young House, 'good luck', although from all indications it won't be necessary.

Senior "A" Hockey



SECOND: Mr. Bredin, Lawrence, Myers, McCreath, Hutchings, Smith, Dampier, Kennedy, Boult, Saywell. FRONT: McKnight, Rowand, Knight, Hill MacDonald, McEwen.

Although the team was eliminated in a rousing semifinal series, this year's Senior A team was probably one of the best ever produced by the school. Playing in a league comprised of teams from Assiniboia, Louis Riel, Juniorat College, St. Boniface College, St. Paul's High School, and St. John's-Ravenscourt, the team finished a very strong third on the basis of six wins, two losses and two ties. The year started with a rough game against St. Paul's which was won 2-1, and a close checking game against Louis Riel which ended in a 2-2 tie. After a relatively easy win over CSB, they managed to hold on to tie Assiniboia 3-3. The next three games were highlighted by Jim Rowand's goalkeeping. There were three straight shutouts over Juniorat, 2-0, St. Paul's 2-0, and CSB, 6-0. The next two games were heart-breakers though, and ended in losses to Louis Riel, 5-4, and Assiniboia, 2-1. Rob Mitchell, up from the B's for the Riel game, played strongly and could not be faulted for the loss. In the last game of the season everything worked, and ended in a 10-2 victory over the Juniorat.

The first semi-final game, against Assiniboia, was played at the beginning of the Blake Tournament, and was definitely the team's worst game of the season, losing 6-1. It being a two-game total point series, the team produced a superlative effort, and tied the overall score

at 7-7. An overtime goal ended the season for the team, but we were very proud at being able to bounce back after a five goal deficit in one game.

Six exhibition games were also played during the season, two against the Old Boys. The first was lost 7-3, but the second, on Winter Carnival Day, was won 4-1 against such 'Old Boys' as Barry MacKenzie. Victoria was beaten 4-2, Cresentwood managed to escape with a 1-1 tie, Tuxedo was held to a 1-1 tie, and St. Jame's High from Grand Forks was also tied 3-3.

Throughout the year, both in league and exhibition play, including the Blake Tournament, Jim Rowand played extremely well, recording three shut-outs, and a goals against average of 1.81. He saved the team on several occasions, and was perhaps the most consistent player on the team.

Anchored by perhaps the best defence on the league, high-scoring forwards, managed to pump in more than 70 goals over the year, fed by Alex Dampier, Gavin Smith, Ed Meyers, and Greg Lawrence.

The team would like to thank Mr. Bredin, who probably enjoyed the year more than anyone else. His whispered words of advice carried us through many tight situations and as a result everybody on the team finished the season a better hockey player than when he started.

S. g. R. Hockey Journament





On the weekend of March 1-3, S.J.R. hosted a hockey tournament composed of four teams: Louis Riel, Assiniboia, Blake School from Minneapolis and S.J.R. Two years ago S.J.R. played in a tournament in Blake, and it is now hoped to be a regular annual event.

Blake Players stayed at the school for Friday and Saturday nights after arriving by plane on Friday afternoon. It was hoped that Blake would send up their "A" team but, unfortunately they were already involved in a tournament at Buffalo, so their B team represented them instead.

The First game was between Louis Riel and Blake. Louis Riel won the game 10-0 and it was then obvious that Blake had little chance, of doing well in the tournament.

The second game on Friday night saw the Indians play S.J.R. It was then decided that this game would be the first of a two game total point series to determine the finalists in the Private Hockey school league. Assiniboia led 3-1 going into the third period. The Indians goalie played brilliantly and S.J.R. forwards found it al-

most impossible to put the puck in the goal. In the third period frustration got the better of the team, and consequently were bombed. The final score was 6-1. It might be noted that in the second game of the series S.J.R. tied the total score up, but lost in overtime and was forced to bow out of the league championship.

Early Saturday morning S.J.R. played Louis Riel in what was one of their best games of the season. Strong skating and fore-checking led us to a 4-2 victory. Directly after this game Assiniboia shellacked Blake 17-0.

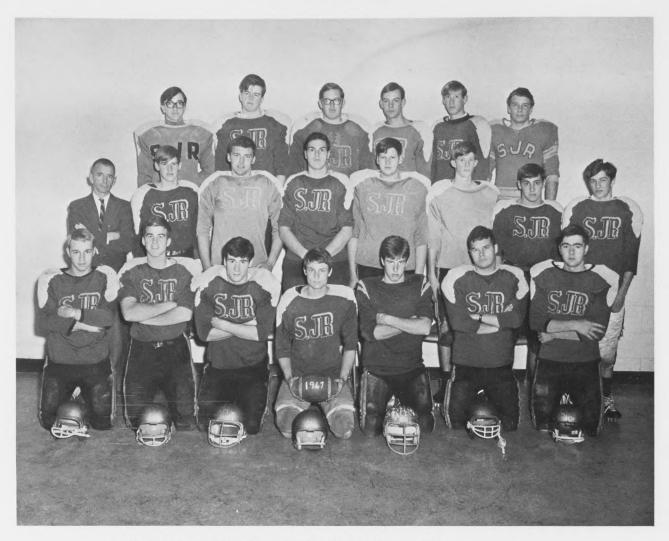
The final games of the tournament were played Saturday night. In the first game Assiniboia beat Louis Riel 8-6, to win their third game and also the series itself. The last game saw S.J.R. beat Blake 7-3. Blake actually led S.J.R. 3-1 going into the final period, but with the chips down S.J.R. fired in six unanswered goals to take second place.

The tournament as a whole was a great success and from all accounts another will be held at Blake next year. Good luck, then to our future senior "A's".





Senior Football



THIRD: Little, Wyatt, Macdonald, McCreath, Gardiner, Palmer. SECOND: Mr. Bredin, Lawson, DuFault, Orton, Anderson, Lewis, Thomas, English. FIRST: Lawrence, Searle, Stethem, McEwen, Saywell, Bookbinder, Verges.

The Senior Football Team had a very successful year, in terms of overall accomplishment. After a very weak start, the team's spirit sky-rocketed, and was halted within only one victory of the Manitoba Nine Man Football Championships. At the beginning of the season we were thwarted by weak knees and boys not showing up for practise. As result, our first exhibition game against Assiniboia ended in a 35-14 loss. This game was invaluable to us because our weaknesses were clearly demonstrated. Four days later we played our second game against St. Pauls. We played much better in this game. Our pass defence which had hampered us in the game with Assiniboia sparkled, only allowing two passes to be completed. The final score was 35-13, our first victory.

At this stage in the season, there was no question as to whether the team would enter the nine man football playdowns. It was decided that the outcome of our second game with Assiniboia would indicate which it was to be. The game was played on a clear warm Saturday morning, on our own field. The team all realized that this game was critical for the continuation of our league play. Our plays were crisper than they had been before and the hard running of our backs got us a quick touchdown, and we didn't look back again. The final score was 45-0.

This game assured us a position in the playdowns, and our next contest was to be a week later on the Father's and Son's Weekend. Our opponents were a team from Landmark, who had previously beaten Pine Falls to reach their position. Our pre-game strategy was to try to win the game by using only drives and sweeps. However, we found ourselves losing by one touchdown at the end of the first half, which forced us to pull out all the stops, and use some of our fancier plays. Fortunately these were successful and we won by the score 19-14.

Our next game was to be on the following Monday, this time at Stonewall. The game was by far the most exciting. At half time we were winning by one point; however in the third quarter our starting quarterback, Clive McEwen, received a neck injury and was unable to finish the game. The injury was not only a blow to the team's strength but also to our spirit. We fought gallantly but were outplayed. We lost by a converted touchdown, 19-12.

Looking back on the season, we felt as though we had accomplished something, and had had fun in the process. I would like to thank Mr. Bredin for his time and effort in coaching, and Mrs. Lawrence who was a most loyal supporter.

Senior Soccer



SECOND: B. Spaith, Cambell, Spooner, Dunstan, Mr. Glegg, MacBeth, Rowley, Wood, Mr. Penaluna. FIRST: M. Thomas, Lauder, Rowand, Wiswell, Donahue, Dallas, Payne. MISSING: Shandro.

The senior soccer team had a most productive year this year. The team won three games and were not by any means pushovers in the other six. The team was led by Captain Andy Wiswell, John Macbeth, Kit Rowley, and Mark Dallas from last year's soccer team and a number of surprising newcomers like former football players Sandy Shandro and Bob Spaith.

The first game of the year was against Dakota Collegiate and we went down to defeat against the defending champs. Andy Wiswell scored with a few minutes to go and sent the game into overtime, but a few minutes before the end of the second overtime period Dakota scored. Jim Rowand and the goalie Brian Spooner were the stars in this game.

The second game played in a gale against Silver Heights was won by S.J.R. 3-2 in a hard fought contest. Sandy Shandro was the star here, in scoring two goals. Other stars were Bob Spaith and Mark Dallas, and Jamie Campbell who scored the other goal.

The third game against St. James was a disaster for Ravenscourt as they were bombed 4-0 on four first half goals. Eddie Myers, a lacrosse import, was the star here in a losing cause.

The fourth game against Glenlawn was another hard fought contest but Glenlawn finally won after a colossal struggle 1-0. The stars in this one were Morgan Thomas and Danny Donahue.

The fifth game and last game against Westwood, the eventual Champs of the league was fairly close and we lost 3-1

in a respectable game. David Wood in goal and Drew Lauder were the stars here, as well as John Macbeth.

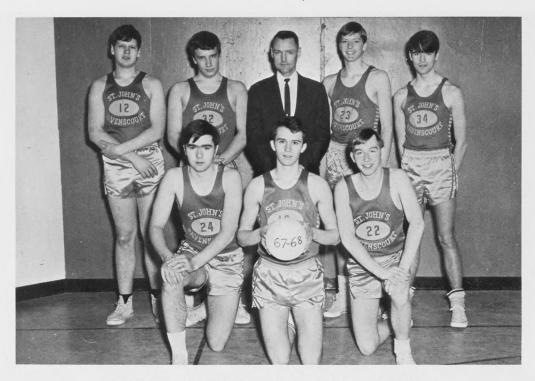
After the season we played two exhibition games against Fort Garry and won them both. The first one Payne rapped in two goals and was the star. In the second game, played on Father's and Son's Weekned, the score was 1-0 in a bitter battle for Ravenscourt. Sandy Shandro scored the winner while Kit Rowley and Andy Wiswell turned in fine games on defence.

Although we had probably the best team that Ravenscourt has ever produced for inter-school competition, we were handed a solid 2-0 defeat at the hands of the masters on goals by Mr. Penaluna and Mr. Cowie.

There are many players who will be back next year and the team should be as strong if not stronger than the 67-68 team.

Last, but not least, on behalf of all the team, I would like to thank Mr. Penaluna, Mr. Harding, Mr. Ainley, and Mr. Glegg for their expert coaching and encouraging support.

Senior Volleyball



SECOND: Anderson, Palmer, Mr. Hardy, Denmark, Black. FRONT: Verges, Spooner, Finlayson.

The 1967 edition of the senior volleyball team was a strong combination and was just starting to tick when the Zone 12 tournament was held.

The members of the team who went to the Zone 12 Play-offs were Wally Finlayson, Don Denmark, Brad Palmer, David Black, Brian Spooner, John Anderson and Helmeut Verges. The team finished second in its division behind the U. of Wpg. squad and in the play-offs lost out to the home team — the Mennonite Brethren, eventual winners of the tournament. A little more practise time, a few exhibitions games and the team would have done much better than a tie for third overall.

The hard spiking by Don Denmark and Brad Palmer, and the capable setting of Wally Finlayson should be a good foundation for another creditable team next year.

The team would like to extend its thanks to Mr. Harding, the coach, whose hard work and intensive knowledge of the game were invaluable assets.

Senior Cross-Country



SECOND: M. Thomas, Rowed, Spooner, Rowley,

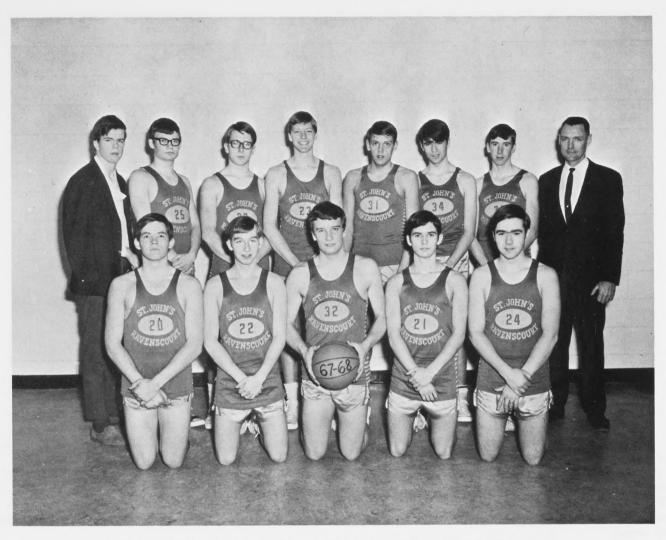
FIRST: Dunstan, Bugg, Dallas, Mr. Glegg.

This year the Senior Cross-Country Team got off to a rather slow start. In our first meet at St. James we came in ninth out of ten starters. In the next four races we progressively improved so that in our final division we came six out of ten. On the twenty eighth of October the team went out to Brandon for the provincial cross-country meet when we increased our score by 120 points.

The team members were: Bob Dunstan who managed to come in 6th in two races. Tom Bugg running second for S.J.R. Jim Rowed who ran well but not often, Mark Dallas, Kit Rowley, Brian Spooner, Morgan Thomas.

Though our standings dropped somewhat in this season we are looking forward to a more successful season in the years to come.

Senior Basketball



SECOND: Wyatt, Barroll, MacBeth, Denmark, Didur, D. Black, Sherman, Mr. Hardy. FRONT: Rowley, Finlayson, Palmer, Dallas, Verges.

The win-loss record of our senior basketball team at this mid season date leaves much to be desired; however, the games have been exciting and we are narrowing the gap each time we play.

Our team lacks the height of our opponents and, it would also appear that we are much younger and have less playing experience. But what we lack in height and age and experience we make up for in our team spirit.

The players representing S.J.R. are as follows: first line - Brad Palmer, John Macbeth, Don Denmark, Bob Didur and Phil Wyatt. Completing our twelve are Tom Barroll, Wally Finlayson, Helmut Verges, Kim Sherman, Kit Rowley, David Black, and Mark Dallas.

The most outstanding player on our team has been Brad Palmer. Brad is our team captain and has been the spark plug of the team. In addition, Brad is the team's

leading scorer and may even be the league's top scorer at this date.

While it is doubtful that we will make the play-offs, there is no doubt that we will continue to improve and give our best until the final whistle.

Games and scores of games played to date are as

llows:							
S.J.R.	24						.M.B.C.I. 96
S.J.R.	30						.St. Bon. High 55
S.J.R.	58						.Old Boys 54
							(exhibition)
S.J.R.	56						.U. of Winnipeg 79
S.J.R.	37						.St. Bon. High 44
S.J.R.	50						.U. of Winnipeg 55
S.J.R.	39						.St. Bon. Col. 43

Ski Jeam



LEFT TO RIGHT: B. Spaith, Shandro, Rolf, Young, Tamblyn, Moss, Lewis, Lewkin, D. Spaith, D. Wellard.

Skiing became a major sport this year. A team was formed in late October, long before the first snow fell, and began to prepare for the coming season by following a weight training program modelled on that of the Canadian Ski Team. When the long awaited snow arrived, the boys began cross-country training.

During the Christmas break, the team purchased Esko Jarvinen cross-country racing skiis, imported from Finland. Thus equipped, S.J.R. entered her first racers in the Manitoba Ski Division Junior Cross-Country Championship Race. The pre-season training paid off, as the boys crossed the finish line first, second, third, fifth, seventh, and eighth. S. Shandro won the gold medal, R. Spaith the silver, and R. Rolf the bronze. In winning his gold, Shandro posted the best time of the meet, running the six miles in 43:10, one minute under the best senior time.

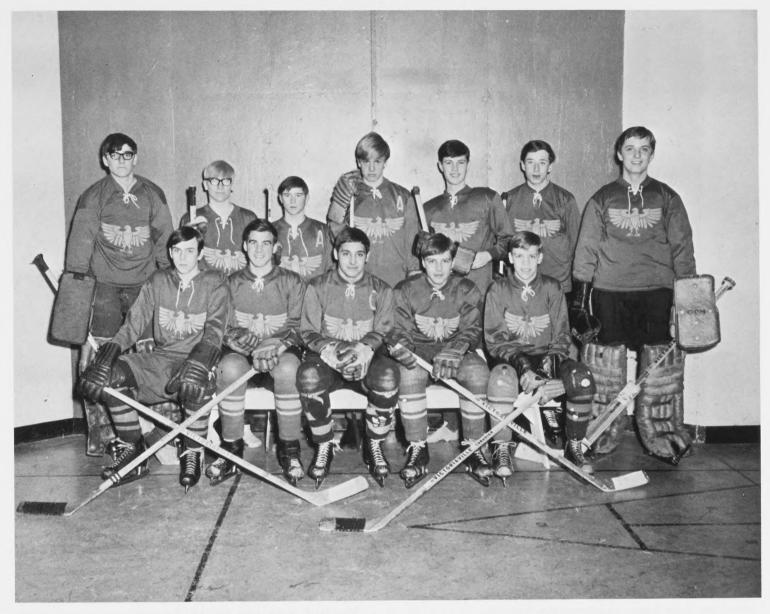
After this success, the team prepared to face the much stiffer challenge of racing against the powerful eastern independent schools. On February 21, the team travelled via Air Canada to Montreal and then proceeded by station wagon to Stanstead, P.Q., where they stayed as guests of Stanstead college, the school hosting the meet

for the Louis Cochon trophy. On the 22nd and the 23rd, the team trained at Owl's Head Mountain with Mr. Bob Richardson, former Olympic skier and now head professional at the recently new Owl's Head ski area. On the Friday before the meet, the team entered a Standard Race and six of the eight racers won gold medals.

Competing at the meet this year were Bishop's College School, Lower Canada College, Ashbury College, Stanstead College, and S.J.R. Each boy was to race three ways: slalom, giant slalom, and cross-country. The team made its best showing in the giant slalom where it placed third. The final results have not been received at the time of printing, but it appears that overall we stood third or a very close fourth.

This team was S.J.R.'s first ski team. They worked hard and impressed everyone with their keen competitive spirit and their ability. They won some races and were strong while losing others. They have laid a strong foundation upon which future skiers will build and make St. John's-Ravenscourt a school whose name will be respected where good competitive skiing is found.

Senior "B" Hockey



SECOND: R. Mitchell, Nicholson, D. Spaith, Wiswell, Rowed, Lauder, R. McKnight. FRONT: Riome, Searle, G. Thomas, Dawes, Jacklin.

The Senior B hockey team heartily thanks Mr. Broderick and Mr. Stewart for coaching and guiding the team this season. Without their guiding influence we certainly would not have been able to accomplish our encouraging record to date of five wins and one loss. Our Senior B hockey team consists of a hard core of grade ten and eleven boys who have graduated from the ranks of Bantam A. The team competed in the "B"

division of the Winnipeg Private School hockey league. This year, the success of our team probably stems from our exercising program, under which we were drilled by our coach Mr. Broderick. This year has been a success both in the victory column and in character development. We hope to make the finals and go on to win the Senior "B" Cup for two years running.

Senior Lacrosse



SECOND: Sherman, Andison, Hutchings, Denmark, Mr. Broderick, Smith, Myers, B. McKnight, Rowed. FIRST: D. Boult, Shwartz, Riome, Nesbitt, Richarson, Kennedy, Nothstein, Laberge.

This year a new autumn sport was introduced to S.J.R.: lacrosse, a fast moving sport originated by the Canadian Indians.

About fifteen boys joined lacrosse. These were boys who had played soccer or football and had either disliked these sports or had just wanted to try something new

The way we wanted to play required an enclosed hockey rink area to play in. As S.J.R.'s outdoor rink was unavailable, we ran down North Drive everyday to work out in the Wildwood Community Club rink.

It took us quite a while to get the feel of the game but finally after many bruises and sore muscles, we began to play a little better. We were finally able to move back to our own rink and went out everyday to practise. After a short period of calisthenics we would pick teams and scrimmage for about three quarters of an hour.

Mr. Broderick took on the mountainous task of coaching us. He tried to tell us that he was as new to the game as we were but his vastly superior skills showed through when he joined the scrimmages himself.

In the latter half of the season we picked two permanent teams under John Hutchings and Gavin Smith.

We all had fun and learned a fair amount about a tough game and want to thank Mr. Broderick for all his time and help.

Intermediate Football



THIRD: David, Styffe, Kabinsky, Hutching, Menzies, Thompson. SECOND: Mr. Leonard, Rolf, Alms, Bigelow, Burns, Thornton, Woodhead. FIRST: McDonald, Mitchell, Spaith, Nicholson, MacDonald, Bredin.

For reasons of inexperience and lack of size, the intermediate football team was not entered in a league this year. The added incentive provided by league play and prolonged competition was all but forgotten. The team played four games: two against St. Paul's High School and two against Assiniboia Residential School. The second games against both teams, both of which were home games, resulted in S.J.R. victories. With the immeasurable amount of football knowledge gained this season, the team may be able to enter league competition next year if it remains relatively consolidated as a unit. We would like to thank Mr. Leonard for the hours of competent coaching he put in and the gathering sponsored by him at the end of the season.

Intermediate Soccer



SECOND: Mr. Wellard, Allison, McIntyre, Moss, Mr. Stewart, Wright, Johnson, Noble, Mr. McCrachen. FIRST: Mitchell, Thomas, MacGregor, Smith, Law, Malcolmson.

At first glance, one might not agree that this year's intermediate soccer team was a good one. In face one might not agree even at a second look; however, the playing was much better than in the previous seasons. Team spirit was not lacking, but unfortunately our skills as a team in some aspects were. Our combined grade nines and tens fought well against the opposition, who, although not all in our age group, were equal or greater to us in size.

In our one encounter with Pembina Crest we were walloped and even though I'd rather not tell you, for statistics sake, the score was 11-0. I offer no excuse for our team except that our competitors were by far superior.

However spirit remained high even though we were defeated in our last four games as well. We played two games against Viscount Alexander and two games against Richmond Park and in each game we showed definite improvement. The defence was well played, but we had trouble scoring goals.

Finally, I wish to congratulate the team members

on their well fought fight.

6 Man Football



THIRD: Johnson, Boult, Tulloch, Wier, Dickson, A. Kiddell, Shore, Riley, Strachen, Ferguson.

SECOND: Mr. G.D. McLeod, Gibbons, Gillespie, Stanton, Brock, Morgan, Barnes, Dickson, Powell, Patterson, Wallace, Milne.

FIRST: Mathews, Harris, Whittaker, McMorris, Lewkin, Young, Hammond, Richardson, Sauders, Forsythe, Rowand.

Six man football provided sport for all the eager grade eights and nines during the fall. The name isn't really suitable because each team had ten men, but usually only six showed up per game. We had four captains — Mike Hammond, Mark Milne, Mike Lewkin, and John Barnes. The only casualty throughout the season was the morale of John Barnes' team.

We would like to extend our special thanks to the three referees who devoted their time to come out and referee the games. They were Mr. McLeod, Mr. Chorney and Mr. Gorrie.

The session ended up with Mike Hammond's team winning the trophy, Lewkins' team taking the consolation prize and John Barnes' team capturing the Booby Prize.

Intermediate Volleyball

This season the school's intermediate volleyball team has played very well. Because the team consisted entirely of grade ten players, we were caught between junior high and senior high leagues. Never-the-less the coach, Mr. Stewart, arranged some games on an exhibitional basis. This was a somewhat ironic situation because our grade ten team's average age was reasonably lower than that of the opposition's grade nine players. The challengers were from Pembina Crest, Viscount, Alexander, Richmond, and General Byng. General Byng later went on to win the Fort Garry division. This year, though not in an organized league, the team has shown outstanding effort. Next year many of us will be playing on the senior team, a time to which we are all looking forward.

Junior Basketball



SECOND: Allison, Smith, Thompson, Wood, Richardson, Kilgour, Mr. Penaluna. FRONT: Campbell, MacIntyre, Spooner, Kobrinsky, I. MacDonald.

This year the team started its league schedule with an unexpected four game winning streak. This surprized not only the team, but the coach as well. Having a few veteran players in Brian Spooner and David Wood, the Eagles are anticipating a victory in the league championship.

The highlight of the season was to see our zone defence baffle the finest team we played. In our remaining games the team expects to collect many more points as plays open up and the players themselves become more competent. The members of the team would like to thank Mr. Penaluna and Brian Spooner for coaching the team on its road to success.



SECOND: Mr. Stewart, Brock, Mathews, Barnes, Malcolmson, Riley. FRONT: Krueger, Johnson, Wallace, Briggs, Rowand.

Junior Volleyball

The juniors had a very successful season this year as compared with last. We lost all our games last year; however, this year we won two games against General Byng and Fort Richmond, the rest we lost only by very slim margins. Much support was given by Chris Wallace, Derek Riley, Jack Rowand, and John Barnes. On behalf of the team we would like to thank our coach Mr. Steward and Mr. McCracken our General Managers. Many thanks also goes to the team's efforts throughout the year and the hope that next year will be even more successful.

Junior Soccer



FIRST: Rogers, Longstaffe, Lansky, Briggs, Burns, Waddell, Marden. SECOND: Mr. Wellard, Myers, Turchen, Mr. Stewart, Beach, Graham, Krueger, Mr. McCrachen.

The school junior soccer team, although they came close, failed to win a game during the season. Their first two games were against Viscount Alexander, the latter winning 3-0 and 4-1. The team lost their third game to Pembina Crest 3-0. S.J.R. came close to defeating General Byng and Fort Richmond. The score in both games was 1-0.

After the league games were over the team kept on practicing, only now the practices became much harder, in preparation for the game against the Intermediate team on the Father's and Son's Weekend. The practices paid off with the Juniors defeating the Intermediates 3-0.

It is certain that if the team could have played as well at the start of the season like it did at the end, they could have won many more games.



FRONT ROW: Bell, Noble, Mr. Stewart, Krueger, Malcolmson. BACK ROW: Rogers, Briggs, Longstaffe, Graham.

Junior Cross-Country

The S.J.R. Junior High School Cross-Country team took part in four races this fall, three at St. Vital Park and one on our own course. The team varied from race to race, but the core centered around runners Briggs, Malcolmson, Noble, Mitchell, Bell, Longstaffe, Krueger, and Lower School runners Bond, d'Agincourt, and Quinton.

The results were not as rewarding as in past years with the improvement of the opposition being much greater than our own. Noble and Bell managed to finish in the top twenty on a few occasions, which might give an indication of things to come when they enter senior competition.

Cross-country running requires a great deal of self-sacrifice for very few visible rewards, and all who took part willingly or unwillingly are to be commended for their efforts

A vote of thanks is also due to Mr. Wellard and Mr. McCracken for transporting runners to the course and for waiting patiently for the races to be completed.

Bantam "A" Hockey

This season has been a mixture of hope and disappointment; the disappointment of the past and the hope of the future. The Bantam A Hockey Team was in a transitional year, not playing in an organized league, but training itself to provide a basis for a team next year. The players have worked hard and many have shown a radical improvement. On this we base our hopes for a greater success next year in the won-lost record, but we will consider next year a success even if all we succeed in doing is having as much fun. The team wishes to thank Mr. Bredin for his help and quiet words of advice on the ice.



1-6
1-1
1-3
4-2
1-6
1-6
1-8
3-6
2-4

SECOND: Bell, Menzies, McMurray, Hutchings, Styffe, Woodhead, Mr. Bredin. FRONT: Payne, Bredin, David, Alms, Thornton. MISSING: Bigelow.

Bantam "B" Hockey



THIRD: Beech, Turchen, Riley, McGregor, Barnes, Giesbrecht, Hammond, Kiddell, Milne, Mr. Stewart.
SECOND: Malcolmson, Beaton, Noble, Boult, Rogers, Whittaker, Johnson, Krueger.
FIRST: Briggs, Rowand, Lansky.

This year Bantam B's were not in a league. This meant we had to arrange exhibition games. So far this season we have played 11 games and won 3. A few of those losses were very close and we might have been able to salvage a win had luck been on our side. Some of our losses, however, were strictly caused by bad mistakes and disorganization. At other times we were just plain outclassed against the champs. We lost 9-0. When we did win it was a hard fought battle, and our team proved that they had determination. At times the team looked very good, and it seemed like we were going to win easily. On three or four occasions we were winning at the end of the first period but could not hold the lead. We still have a few more games to play and we hope to improve our record. Everyone enjoyed the games we played, and we would like to thank Mr. Stewart for his coaching and all of the people who supported the team during games.

Playground "A" Hockey



THIRD: Harrison, Paterson, Weare, Elves, Tucker, Harris, Mr. Glegg.
SECOND: Longstaffe, Gibbons, G. Myers, Saunders, Wallace, P. Dickson, Daunt.
FRONT: Ferguson.

In the Greater Winnipeg Minor Hockey League, we have done better this year than we have in the past several seasons. At the time of writing, we stand third in the league and have one game to go so we should make the play-offs.

The team has generally played well but not as well as we could have played on occasions, We ought to have won both our tied games but seemed to lack the final drive and determination to get the final goal. The same can be said of our loss against Westridge.

In goal, Gibbons played some good games, but must learn to anticipate shots better and move out of his net more. On defense, McMorris was our strongest player and one of the leading goal getters, but he will improve when he learns

to pass more quickly. Tucker and Myers both played well, but their weakness on the point was apparent.

The Saunders-Wallace-Harrison line scored most of our goals and should develop well, while the Ferguson-Daunt-Harris line were the most improved players during the year, particularly in backchecking. Other players who played regularly were Elves, Patterson, Longstaffe, and Weare, all of whom need to improve their skating before they will become scoring threats.

Generally this has been a good season with fine team spirit, and some very good games have been played. This

squad should do well in the future.



SECOND: Nesbitt, Sherman, Wiswell. FRONT: B. McKnight.

Curling Team

Wednesday's at Pembina Curling Club was the scene

of S.J.R. curling this year.

During the winter S.J.R. boys under the instruction of Mr. Stewart were taught the skills of curling, while the more experienced curlers were given opportunities to demonstrate these skills.

This year S.J.R. was represented in the Zone 12 playdowns by Bud McKnight, Skip; Kim Sherman, Third; Andy Wiswell, Second; and Douglas Nesbitt, Lead. Our game against M.B.C.I. ended in an unfortunate 9-4 loss.

However, there is always next year with our promising new curlers. 'Brooms up' until next year.

House Sports

At the time of writing it is difficult to say whether the House System is still the basis for intramural athletic competition. To date only seven afternoons have been devoted to House games and it is now nearly the end of March. It would, therefore, be unrealistic to devote much space in The Eagle to these games. As reports of other house activities may not appear in this yearbook the names of the House-masters and House-captains appear below:

Hamber: Mr. Gordon D. McLeod David Boult Richardson: Mr. David Wellard Mark Stethem Young: Mr. Martin Ainley Eddie Myers

Senior House Football

Senior House Football was played in late October. Hamber lost the first game against Richardson but decisively won the second game against Young 19-6 in one of the best games of Rugby seen on the school playing fields this year. The final game between Young and Richardson was won by the latter.

Intermediate House Football

In Intermediate Rugby the first game was tied between Hamber and Richardson and the second a win for Richardson against Young. In the final game Young won by a narrow margin over Hamber.

Junior House Football

In Junior Rugby this year Hamber House won the challenge cup after tying the very close game with Richardson 13-13 and winning their game against Young 8-6 in another very close game. These games at the junior level were extremely close and as a result were exciting to watch.

Senior House Soccer

Early in November house soccer ended with Richardson house coming out the victors with one win and one tie. In

the first game Richardson defeated Hamber 3-0. Hamber put up a good fight.

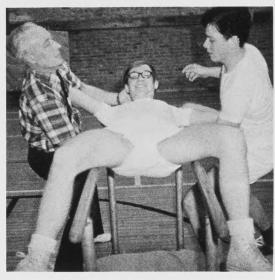
The next game Richardson had the byeand Hamber and Young fought it out to a 2-2 tie. The hardest fought game was yet to come for the following day played host to Young and Richardson. While Jolly Macdonald was stuffed in goal by Stethem, Eskimo painstakingly took off his parka and Benny did a native war dance. Shandro bitterly remarked that the field felt like garbage, however, most people were complaining of the cold. The game was fought hard by both sides and ended in a scoreless tie resulting in Richardson winning the house trophy by an extremely slim margin.

Junior House Soccer

In Junior Soccer Hamber House cleaned up the field and won the Junior House Soccer Cup. Hamber House defeated Richardson 2-0 in the first game and won the game against Young even more decisively 5-0. In the other game Young lost to Richardson - 1-0. The high calibre of the Junior Soccer was a pleasure to watch. It is a pity that the House Competition consisted of only three games.

Sports Candids











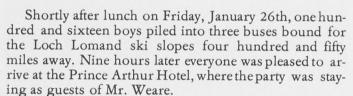






The Ski Trip 67-68





Skiers are well known for their enthusiasm and our group was no exception. Bright and early next morning the bus departed for the slopes. Upon arrival, the experts lost no time in showing their prowess, while Mr. Wellard, Mr. Hammond, and Mr. Campanelli put the beginners through their paces. During these training sessions, several boys were seen in rather undignified postures, but they soon regained their balance and were as keen as ever to repeat the whole operation.

Lunch was eaten in the chalet where even the most avid skiers could be seen with hot chocolate to warm up and to taste the social life. Following this, several members of the ski team entered a local downhill event, but unfortunately they found that the road to the top is long and arduous.





After a full day of skiing we returned to the hotel where everyone enjoyed a hot bath, a good dinner, and an evening's relaxation.

A light snowfall during the night provided excellent conditions for Sunday's skiing. A good day's skiing was enjoyed by all, and even some of the beginners ventured from the nursery slopes, and could be seen tackling some of the more difficult runs.

We returned to the hotel by bus in the late afternoon stopping only for time to pack our bags, have a good meal, and thank our gracious hosts for their generous hospitality. The day's exercise and the fresh air ensured that the return trip would be quieter than the first, and the buses arrived back at the school early Monday morning, to be met by Mr. Kiddell, who had the foresight to phone for cabs for the dayboys.

Truly a memorable weekend, and our thanks are chiefly due to Mr. Wellard who organized the trip, to Mr. Weare, our host, and to the other members of the staff who came along to give a helping hand.





Lower School Headmaster's Foreward

The whole connotation of the word schoolmaster, summons up to many of us the picture of a man who is far more than a subject teacher, a man whose vista is not limited to the shallow horizon of his academic specialty, whose vocabulary is not restricted to the mechanical jargon of the self-styled educator, and whose interest in school is not confined within the short span of school working hours.

The schoolmaster is a man who is inevitably associated with a school's ethos, whose life is bound up inextricably with the school in which he serves, and whose influence stretches out far beyond the boundaries of time and space, through successive generations of schoolboys, to the world at large.

Such men are rare, but it is in the nature of the independent school that it attracts, amongst others, men of this quality.

John Waudby was such a schoolmaster. He was the cultured product of a cultured age; his value could not be measured within the limitations of qualifications of cash, and by those of us who came to know him in his latter years at Saint John's-Ravenscourt School he became recognized as a sheet anchor, holding the common-room steady, but not unmoving, in the storms of educational change.

As a foreward to the Lower School section of the Yearbook, I can think of no more fervent wish for the future of the school than that, through the years, we should continue to be peopled with such schoolmasters.

C.B. Kiddell, Head of Lower School.

Form Ull

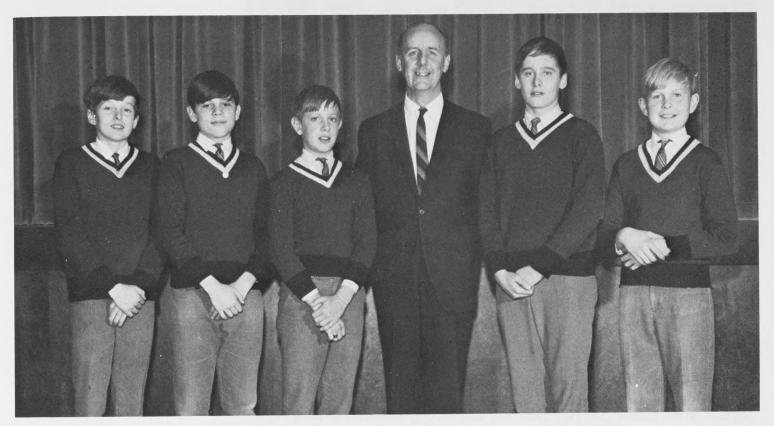


BACK ROW: Ashok Khosla, David Quinton, Rick Bond, David Hogg, Cam Harvey, Stephen Goldring, Brent Bottomley, Graeme Barrit, Peter Haworth, Robert Kiddell, Paul d'Agincourt, David Ferguson.

CENTER ROW: Alan Bennett, John Sprague, Richard Bowden, Douglas Reimer, Geoffrey Ross, Stuart Quest, Gordon Grossman, Randy Anduson, Richard Carter, Michael Purdy.

FRONT ROW: James Hutchison, Richard Kernahan, Iain Cruickshank, Eric Nuttall, Alan Smith, Mr. C.B. Kiddell, Chip McGill, Jeffrey Ferguson, Patrick Truelove, Gordon Finlay.

Lower School Officials



Richard Kernahan, Richard Bowden, James Hutchison, Head Boy; C.B. Kiddell, Chip McGill, Asst. Head Boy; Patrick Truelove.

Headboy's Report

The year had been very busy for some people. Apart from the usual academic pursuits, the various extracurricular activities have been very well supported. So popular are the Rifle and Judo Clubs that it is necessary to have three of four sessions each week to accommodate all the members. Our thanks go to Mr. Beare and Mr. Tug Wilson for these two clubs.

Hamber House is facing more competition this year in the sporting world and my congratulations go to Young House for winning the soccer tournament. Richardson House are leading in the Honours and Stripes race. Mr. Kiddell, Mr. Cowie and Mr. Beare are regular hockey coaches while Mr. Mackenzie gives a helping hand.

The music program this year includes the popular instrument, the guitar, which is taught by Mrs. Ainley. The choir, under Mr. Shepherd, has had a good year so far, singing at both Father and Sons' Weekend and at the Carol Service. This is again voluntary and the Lower School had a good response of over forty boys.

Rehearsals for the play, "King Arthur and the Magic Sword" are under way. This play is under the direction of Mr. Shepherd with Mr. Bevis designing the sets and Mrs. Stewart making the costumes, and it is hoped the guiding hands of this trio will repeat the success of previous productions.

Although this report is being written after the first term only has passed, I think the school will have another good year in 1968. It is probable that other clubs will be formed.

On behalf of the Lower School, I would like to thank all the people who have helped to make this a happy and prosperous year. I would also like to thank my fellow monitors for all the support they have given me during this term.



Form 1

BACK ROW, Left to Right: David Alvi, David McCracken, Todd Pfefferle, Michael Edwards,

Mark Van Allen, Michael Rosborough.

MIDDLE ROW: Richard Cole, Peter Fattal, Billy Aird, Christopher Parkhouse, Darrell Burt,

Jimmy Sutton.

FRONT ROW: Billy Brummer, Billy Rennie, Andrew Glassco, Mrs. Murray, Richard May,

Donald McDonald, David Shore.

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Johnston, Federovich, Speers, Mrs. Barrett, Cruickshank, Osler, Burrows.

MIDDLE ROW: Prall, Lawler, Truelove, Barrett, Filbert, Loudfoot, Breer.

BACK ROW: Mitchell, Wallace, Hassett, Smith, Mullis, Finkel.

MISSING: Bevis, Cottick, Kell, Kelly.



Form 11



Form 111

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Andruchuk, Cortilet, Mrs. MacMillan, Brummer, Hurtig, Brazzell.

MIDDLE ROW: Everett, Morris, Gellman, Wood, Bevis, Mikolajewski. BACK ROW: Ballon, MacDonald, Murray, Cholakis, Searth, Bigornia. MISSING: Anothony, Forbes, Bronn, Crawford, Fraser, Gillespie, Gallichsen.

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: T. Evans, H. Krueger, Mrs. Ward, S. Brown, R. Harding, S. Brandy.

MIDDLE ROW: C. Alvi, C. Schandl, F. Geutz, A. Hay, D. McKeag, B. Shaddy. BACK ROW: D. Mitchell, J. Waters, M. Evans, B. Freedy, C. Rosenblat, A. Macaw.



Form 10



Form U

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: B. Speers, T. Anthony, T. Leach, J. Nesbitt, D. Watson,

R. Dyke, E. Prall.

MIDDLE ROW: K. Young, I. Henderson, H. Rosenblat, Mr. Mackenzie, A. Corner, C. Roul-

ston, M. Blenkinsop.

BACK ROW: G. Cherewan, A. Fast, R. Zaharia, D. Gillis, J. Konnelly, J. Reimer.

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Taylor, Wood, Kreuger, Kobrinsky, Alvi, Flett, Elves. MIDDLE ROW: Hjartarson, Klassen, Grymonpre, Annett, Mr. Cowie, Smith, Parkhouse, Beech, Meredith.

BACK ROW: Guest, Ramsay, Christie, Jacob, Clark, Edwards, Morse, Bredin.



Form UI



Form Remove

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Kernahan, Ferguson, Smith, Mr. Shepherd, McGill, Finlay, Nuttall.

MIDDLE ROW: Anderson, Grossinar, Reimer, Ross, Carter, Purdy. BACK ROW: Khosla, Hogg, Ferguson, Barrit, Kiddell, Harvey, Bond.

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Quinton, d'Agincourt, Hutchison, Mr. Beare, Truelove, Goldring, Bennett.

BACK ROW: Sprague, Bowden, Cruickshank, Bottomley, Guest, Haworth.



Form UII EW

House Reports

RICHARDSON

Looking at the sport department, Richardson House is not doing very well, and, although it has been beaten in soccer, it has greatly improved in cross-country. It has come up from last place to second in the seniors, while the juniors have led the field for most of the time. It had better watch out as the other houses are striving for that trophy. It looks as if we shall have more prosperous second and third terms. On behalf of the boys I would like to extend my hearty thanks to Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Ward and Mr. Mackenzie for their guidance and help through an encouraging first term.

James Hutchinson House Captain

HAMBER

Hamber has had a slow start but is now regaining the standard set last year. In both Honours and Stripes we are second which is a let-down from last year. The seniors came out top in the cross-country competition, but the juniors let us down because they didn't show enough spirit. In soccer we were a great challenge to Young House. Winter is upon us now and we hope to do well in both hockey and later in athletics. The House thanks Mr. Cowie and Madame Perrault for their help in Hamber's success.

Richard Kernahan House Captain

NEW

New House had done fairly well this year. Although we did not come out on top of the soccer league, we did manage to win the knock-out competition which shows that with a little more effort we could have managed both. In the cross-country races the valient effort put in the few was spoiled by the lack of spirit shown by many who were quite happy to trail on at the tail. I would like to see much more effort put in by these "slackers" in hockey and athletics. Best of luck to you all and let us see if we can't put New House at the top during the next terms. I would like to thank Mrs. Barrett and Mr. Shepherd for their assistance through the year.

"Chip" McGill House Captain

YOUNG HOUSE

Young House had been doing exceptionally well this year collecting house points in sports. We won the soccer league but unfortunately were defeated in the knock-out competition on Father and Sons' Weekend. We are not doing nearly so well in the Honours and Stripes Competition as we have not won once during the past term. I am not too sure how we shall fare in the inter-house hockey as we have only played two games so far, but I hope we shall push ahead to make this the best year Young House has ever had. I would like to thank Mrs. MacMillan, Mr. Bevis and Mr. Beare for their help and encouragement in our many victories.

Richard Bowden House Captain



Senior House Soccer Champions

YOUNG HOUSE

BACK ROW: Hjarkarson, Sprague, Purdy, Elves, Taylor,

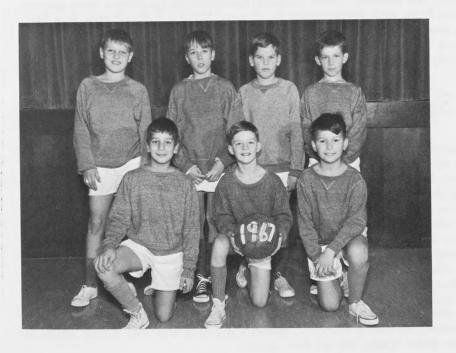
Reimer, Ubell, Hogg.

FRONT ROW: Christie, Alvi, Haworth, Bowden, Ramsay.

Intermediate House Soccer Champions

BACK ROW: M. Bredin, D. Hogg, B. Bottomley, D. McGill, R. Kernawan, A. Beech, C. Harvey. FRONT ROW: D. Clark, R. Bond, D. Quinton, D. Reimer, G. Jacob, P. d'Agincourt.





Junior House Soccer Champions

BACK ROW: Reimer, Nesbitt, Young, Boulston. FRONT ROW: Alvi, Freedy, Shaddy. MISSING: Wolff, Jones, Ainley.

Rifle Club



FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Alvi, Hutchison, Sprague, Bowden, Cruickshank, McGill, Ross, Kernahan, Truelove, Goldring. MIDDLE ROW: Mr. Beare, Hogg, Hjartarson, Klassen, Annett, Grymonpre, Taylor, Guest, Haworth, Meredith. BACK ROW: Quinton, Bond, Clark, Christie, Jacob, Krueger, Beech, d'Agincourt, Ramsay, Bredin, Guest.

Hallowe'en Party by Alan Bennett

This year we had a very successful Hallowe'en Party with some of the most colourful costumes we've ever had. Hours of discussion and work went into them before the big day arrived. On the afternoon of October 31st, the gym was filled with an assortment of witches, goblins, hippies and Generals de Gaulle much to the delight and amusement of the many visitors and staff. On our entrance, the whole school paraded round the gym and then separated into their various forms to await judgement. As their turn came, the different forms paraded before the judges, who were chosen at random by the audience, so that the winners, three from each form, could be chosen. What a difficult task they had! After the contest, we all went to the dining hall for treats and the winners received their cakes.

On behalf of the school I would like to thank the teachers, the kitchen staff and the judges, not to mention the

many parents who produced such colourful costumes, for making the party such a success.

The Symphony Concert by James Hutchison

This concert, sponsored by the Women's Committee of the Symphony Orchestra, is put on annually to help cultivate interest in young people for classical music. It is attended by many classes up to fifteen years of age. Even if their efforts cause just one person to become interested, they have succeeded in their purpose.

The concert is usually made up of a variety of short pieces, classical, modern and novelty. The ones best received are the novelty numbers which can have whistlers and many other distracting effects. The more modern pieces are

received with almost as much interest. The classical variety, unfortunately, are the least popular.

The concert opened with a classical overture by Rossini, "Semiramide". This was quite lively and contained a beautiful solo passage for the horn. This was followed by a modern composition by the Russian, Shostokovitch, called the Golden Eagle. This introduced the xylophone which held the attention of most of the audience. The most intriguing piece was a novelty number by Leroy Anderson entitled "The Waltzing Cat". In it the symphony howled like cats much to the delight of the younger members of the audience. The last piece was the ballet music to "Billy the Kid" by the contempory composer Aaron Copland and was divided into four short movements.

The whole concert was a great success. Everyone, or nearly everyone, enjoyed it and it was well worth while. It

could have encouraged more than one future artist to make music his, or her, career.

The Rough Ride

The trans-continental was heading due west, And I was the engineer. The Fireman, porter and driver blessed, Were a staff who had never known fear.

If you think that this crew could great things do, Then there you have a wrong lead, For the fireman, porter and driver too Had no trust in their fellow breed.

First they decided the porter was drunk. (A frightful mistake indeed!)
That poor man in the soup they did dunk
'Twas truly a terrible deed.

The fireman said that the driver took dope, And couldn't handle a train. So he fixed the affair with an envelope Of heroin and cocaine.

I decided the fireman must have gone mad To handle the driver so. I said "I'll do something terribly bad, And out of the window you go."

The Trans-continental was heading due west With only one man aboard. I had disposed of all the rest, And was getting a little bit bored.

Patrick Truelove, Grade 7EW.

An Evening Stroll

It was a winter's windy day, The snow was falling fast. I took a walk beside the bay, While all the cars went past.

I heard the children having fun, Their voices loud and clear. They laughed and sang till day was done, And night was drawing near.

The moon came out; the sky was clear. The stars they twinkled bright. I wished that I could stay right here, Until the day broke light.

David Quinton, Grade 7EW.

The Old House & The Tramp

The old store looked ghostlike in the majestical light of the rich, full moon. The overgrown lawns were edged with what once had been whitewashed stones. One door was off its hinges, windows were broken and curtains were shut. The front steps were rotten, the road had hollows, the chimney was down and the shutters were lying on the sandy soil. The whole edifice seemed to lean one way and visibly sway in the thick dampness of the growing night. The effect it produced was somewhat like that of needles running up and down the spine.

The old kitchen was laden with cobwebs. A drop of water fell from the ceiling into a dried puddle on the linoleum which was cracked and contorted into rolls. The heavy iron ranges were an orange colour because of the rust. The oil lamp, in the middle of the room, hung swaying in the wind which pushed through the gaping hole where the door should have been.

The stairway was covered with dust that had collected over years. In the dust were footprints of enormous size. The stairs were worn and with every step the wood creaked. In a collection of dust at the landing at the top of the stairs stood the tramp.

He was dressed in an old double-breasted suit. Peeking from behind a dirty satin scarf was an old plaid shirt. His trousers hung from one suspender and fell to his shoes which were covered with greasy spots. In his breast pocket was a red and white polka-dot hand-kerchief. His hair was long and unkempt. His eyes were black and shifty. His nose was bulbous and the thick lips were stained brown from his fat cigar. His chin was covered with a thick black stubble. In his hand was a bottle of beer. Altogether he was repulsive.

James Hutchison, Grade 7EW.

An Errand

I had been given a note for a certain Eric Muller which I was to deliver within the hour. From the moment I heard the name, my brain conjured up a picture of what he would be like. A short middle-aged man, I had decided, with a blank expression on his face. He would have a grey beard and a mumbling voice. In fact, I would have felt a great deal happier if I had been going the other way, my mission completed. Such were my thoughts about Mr. Eric Muller.

As I walked along the green avenue, I could scarcely help noticing how beautiful everything around me was. It was mid-summer and all the flowers were in full bloom. The leafy, overhanging boughs of the trees almost touched their equivalents on the other side of the path. Thus it was that I walked through a dark green tunnel rather than on a path through the trees.

The forest stopped abruptly, suddenly and surprisingly, and there, before my astonished eyes, was an ocean of fields, stretching away into the distance as far as the horizon. There was a shabby, little, unpainted farm house which bore such a sad and mournful expression that one actually had compassion for it.

There, in the middle of all this, was Eric Muller — at least it must have been he, for I knew that he lived alone. But how unlike the picture I had of him. Here indeed was a throw-back of earlier ages. His bearing alone told me that he was no ordinary man. He stood about six feet-three and was as straight as a pine tree. He was chopping firewood when I arrived and though his axe was by no means sharp, he sliced through the logs as though he were using a huge razor blade. As for his features he resembled an ancient Greek statue, for no one could mistake the straight nose and entirely symmetrical features that marked that old civilization.

Then he noticed me. "What would you like?" he inquired, and from that moment on I decided that if I was anywhere near Mr. Muller I would be safe from anything.

At the Penitentiary

Below a bare waning bulb lay a strong figure of about thirty years of age. His pale but stern fullmoon face telling the tale of a decade of strict confinement. His dark hazelnut eyes were sad and forlorn in their solitude. The accompanying brown hair was cropped into practical nonexistence by the prison barber.

The name of this destitute figure was Sam Bradly, once a proud and arrogant Halifax gangster, now only a lowly inmate of Kingston Penitentiary, sentenced to eighteen years for his misdemeanors. His lot was a sorry one, up at eight, to bed at ten. I, his attorney, pushed my way through the stale air towards my forsaken client.

His chamber was a bleak cell in row thirty-four on the second floor. The cracked ceiling showed up very well its 1911 vintage. In one corner of the roof a leak in the overhead pipes was positioned. This tormentor had haunted Sam for the first two years. The bed dated from World War II. The only window was barred and was six feet above the concrete floor. The cell had a single cold water sink which, on cold December mornings, was covered by a single layer of ice. The heating was far from adequate and on cold January nights the icy knives of cold stabbed through the inmate's flesh to slash his vertebrae. As it was, in mid July, the cell was like a hot oven and it baked its tenant to unbearable degrees of anguish. Often when water was sorely needed it was non-existent.

I marvelled how such a free-spirited creature could bear such regularity and compulsion. His strong back and sharp mind were becoming useless through idleness in an institution of this nature.

Few sounds carried down the hallway, the clatter of time trays. Smells, there were many of them; the stench of the sulphur refinery, the unappetizing aroma of mass-produced meals, the rancid odour of ammonia and disinfectant.

Life wasn't always bad. At Christmas and Thanksgiving the joyous air was filled with the fragrance of turkey plus all the trimmings. The prison at Yuletide was filled with joy. As I closed the heavy iron door my mind was filled with his tale and the plea, "Please, oh please, get me out of here!"

Stuart Guest, Grade 7EW.

The Blast

Fog, like a grey wall, covered the ocean. There were huge green waves, the height of a three storey building, rolling in on to the brown sands. On such a bleak day in the year 1971, the light-ship "Nantucket II" was patrolling an area from Boston to Cape Cod. Light-ships, as some people know, give warning to any lost ships far out at sea. The crew must be brave, sharpeyed and alert, for any moment a ship could be lost in the fog and drift aimlessly around.

It was four bells and the watch on the "Nantucket II" peered through the mystifying fog. Due to difficulties from the storm, their intercom was out of order, causing them to miss the warning — "Warships heading for the vicinity of Boston and Cape Cod area. Any ships in area clear the way. Ships are loaded with compound for new warheads. Repeat, if hit by other ship liable to go off."

The huge waves and biting wind told the watch that bad weather was ahead. Shuddering, the captain of the watch shouted through the intercom, "Four bells, next watch!" Just then a huge wave blew over the port side, sending a spray of water completely over the ship, knocking down the new watch.

"Captain, sir, I don't see the other ships anywhere. It looks as if they all took to their heels for some reason," said the first mate.

"Nansense, my lad, you just can't see them in the storm", but the captain himself was a bit uneasy. Suddenly a fog-horn bawled over the gale.

"What in tarnation is that?" yelled the captain, for not half a mile away were the ships loaded with the high compounds for the warheads.

Seeing their mistake, the men in the light-ship tried frantically to get their ship out of the way.

"Hard right rudder, quick!" screamed the commander.

But it was too late. The oncoming ships would run right over them, crushing the boat like an eggshell and upsetting the high compounds causing a nuclear explosion on the entire east coast of the United States. Some men ran about; some jumped overboard and some prayed. But what could men do when, in their last moments, they become puppets on the strings of terror.

No one on the U.S.S. Oceanview, the mother ship of the fleet, even saw the tiny boat. On and on the ships came, defying all others, on and on, to their and their country's death.

Finally, when the ships collided, the whole of the eastern seaboard from Newfoundland to the Gulf of Mexico was engulfed in a spasm of nuclear explosions. The boarder of Quebec to the port of Detroit was instantly vaporized, along with the Great Lakes. From

Chicago to Los Angeles millions of people were killed from radiation.

The land which was once the United States of America was now completely demolished. Satellites from the moon reported "Atomic explosion on east coast of United States caused damage near and in Canada. Tidal waves swamping west coast of England, France and Spain. Russia damaged from American missiles based at Hawaii, Guam, Mideay, Puerto Rico and Vietnam; these were fired at Russia because the U.S. thought they did it. Destruction complete."

So, one tiny ship, which had been completely disintegrated, failed to have its intercom fixed, and thus caused the countries of U.S.A., Mexico, and Canada to be destroyed. In that moment, when the crew saw the blast, felt the tingling and disintegrated, then, only then, Democracy died. Communism ruled.

Kevin Annett, Grade 6.

Christmas Jime

Rejoice! Rejoice! It's Christmas time; Parcels to open and bells which chime; Parties to go to, Parties to make. Rejoice! Rejoice! for goodness sake.

Trees! Trees! It's Christmas time
Decorate them now and have a good time
Trees to cut,
Trees to trim.
Trees! Trees! Trees to win.

Christmas! Christmas! Christmas time! Candy for children; adults have wine; Carols at night, Church at morn. Christmas! Christmas! Christ is born.

Jimmy Hjartarson, Grade 6.

King Arthur and the Magic Sword





After last year's masterful performance of "Tom Sawyer" the Lower School set about producing a play of even greater challenge. It was well worth the effort. Written by Keith M. Engar, "King Arthur and the Magic Sword" has proved to be more than successful.

The play is one of supernatural, wonder and mystery which was sixth century England; however, behind this romantic atmosphere lies a definite theme: the victory of justice over the forces of evil.

Having chosen the play in September, casting took place the first week of school. Parts were assigned and rehearsing began after four as well as at lunch. By the time the Christmas Holidays came around all was fairly well set: the performance was to be early in the next term. Meanwhile, directing was not the only aspect of the production which was underway. Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Jackson were busy with fittings for costumes. Lighting and sound effects were arranged by Mr. Beare and Mr. Cowie. Mr. Bevis had designed and was in the process of painting the sets.

With the return of school in January, rehearsals became frantic in an effort to make the production by the eighteenth and the nineteenth of the month. Finally the night came. As the curtain opened before the dazzling of Merlin's magic, all was ready. The play followed through without a flaw leaving a great impression on all who saw it.

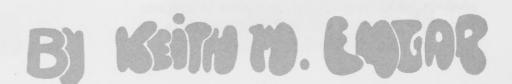
Many congratulations must be given to Mr. Shepherd. It was through his long and tedious hours that the play was such a success. Recognition must also be extended to Mrs. Barrett, the prompter, Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Jackson with costumes, Mr. Beare and Mr. Cowie with lighting and sound effects, Mr. Bevis with sets and all who co-operated and assisted.



Sin Don's Romanness Report Rep

	MERLIN SIR LOT OF ORKNEY MARGAWSE, his wife PAGE SIR URIENS	Patrick TrueloveJohn SpraguePeter HaworthDavid RamsayAlan Bennett
	MORGAN LE FAY, his wife, sister	0 7 1
	to Margawse	- Gary Jacob
	SIR LEODOGRANCE	- James Hutchison
	THE EARL OF BAGDEMAGUS	- Jimmy Hjartarson
	PAGE	- Brian Ramsay
	THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY	- Richard Carter
	KING UTHER PENDRAGON	- Iain Cruickshank
	SIR LUCAN	- Michael Purdy
	KNIGHTS	- Geoffrey Ross
	PRIESTS	- Eric Nuttall
	LADY IN WAITING	- Robert Kiddell
	KAY children of Sir	- Randy Anderson
	ARTHUR Hector and Lady	- Cam Harvey
	MARION Lenore	- Mark Bredin
	SIR HECTOR	- Jeffrey Ferguson
	LADY LENORE	- Paul d'Agincourt
	MESSENGER	- Ashok Khosla
	MORDRED	- Jay Alvi
2000		

PROMPTER. . . .



The Big Jump

"This job's jinxed", I said as I walked over to the truck with my friend, Bob Davis. "Nothing but trouble has come to us since we first stepped foot on this crazy island. It's lucky that we haven't been killed."

"Yes, I know what you mean", Bob said, while he was sorting out the diving gear which was in the back of our pick-up truck. "Here, you carry the acqualungs and I'll get the rest of the gear."

As we lugged the gear down to the rickety iron platform, which was situated under the pier, I remembered the shock of cold water in my ripped diving dress, and then fighting the heavy water which was flooding my suit as I surfaced up the iron ladder. I thought things would get better as Bob took off my tattered diving dress which was quite awkward on land.

While this was happening I remembered watching an aircraftcarrier launching her planes. She was going over thirty knots as she steamed past us about a mile off shore.

"Hey Bob!" I said anxiously pointing out the carrier, "Look at the waves she's making!" He laid my heavy breast-plate down and looked out at the carrier.

"Those waves are several feet high", he said, "and they're heading this way."

"Well, get me out of this!" I yelled.

Quickly he pulled off the pants and, as soon as I got up, we both ran up the ladder just as the wave hit the platform. The wave washed everything over the platform and into the water. After the seas had calmed down the only thing left was my diving suit which was sprawled around the ladder. The rest of the day was spent searching for all the items which were hidden beneath the surface of the water.

But this was all in the past and I had a lot bigger jog to do. During the next several weeks Bob and I positioned heavy steel beams across the pilings, welding them together. We didn't have any more troubleand we expected to be on our way home by the end of the week.

I was ready to call for the welder when my air hissed to a stop. "Hey Dick!" I yelled. There was no reply. I yelled again. The under water telephones were dead. I was in serious trouble. Without air, the diver has only eight minutes before he blacks out. I turned to check my air hose. It wasn't caught on anything. The air compressor must have stopped. Somehow I must get Bob's attention. I grabbed my air hose and started pulling on it, hoping he might see me uncoiling the hose from the platform. My air hose now felt like a string of spaghetti. Time was running out and my air was getting thin. My

face plate was fogging up as thick as the steam on a shower door.

Desperately I started for the ladder knowing I'd never make it. I stumbled against a piling. The top of my head felt as if a thousand sledge hammers were hammering it. At this moment I would have done anything for a breath of freshair. I quickly pulled my knife from its holder and started cutting through my weight belt. The sharp knife cut swiftly through the soft leather which held the weights and they dropped to the ocean floor.

Then I came to the ladder and started climbing it. I reached the silvery surface just as my lungs burst. My helmet was several inches above the water for I was hanging one leg and an arm over a metal beam which lay across the water. I unscrewed my face plate and gasped as I breathed in the fresh air.

I was weak and dizzy. When my head cleared Bob was standing beside me on a metal beam. He took off my helmet so that I could get more air and tied a rope around me.

"Listen now!" I said, "I'm going to slide along this beam to the closest part of the ladder. You can help me by keeping my balance with the rope."

Cautiously I slid to the ladder. I knew that if I slipped I would drown, for my suit would fill with water immediately and would pull me down. Finally I reached the end of the beam. The ladder was just four feet away from me.

"Okay Bob! When I count to three I'm going to jump for the ladder. You pull the rope when I say three."

"Jump with all your might! You'll make it", he said.
"You only get one chance."

I stood up carefully and balanced myself on the beam. I glanced down at the water just below my feet. Then I aimed myself at the ladder. "One, Two, Three!" I yelled, and with all my might I leapt at the ladder. Bob heaved the rope at the same time. I swung into the ladder like a giant pendulum. I grasped the ladder and quickly climbed up to the solid grating of the diving platform.

I staggered across the grating and flopped down on the dressing stool. My face was as white as a ghost and my hands were trembling. I looked up with a forced smile. "Never felt so good in my life", I said in a shaky voice. "I made the big jump which saved my life."

Gary Jacob, Grade 6.

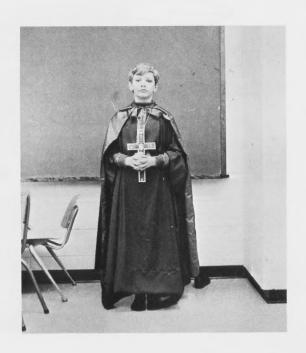












Lower School Play Candids

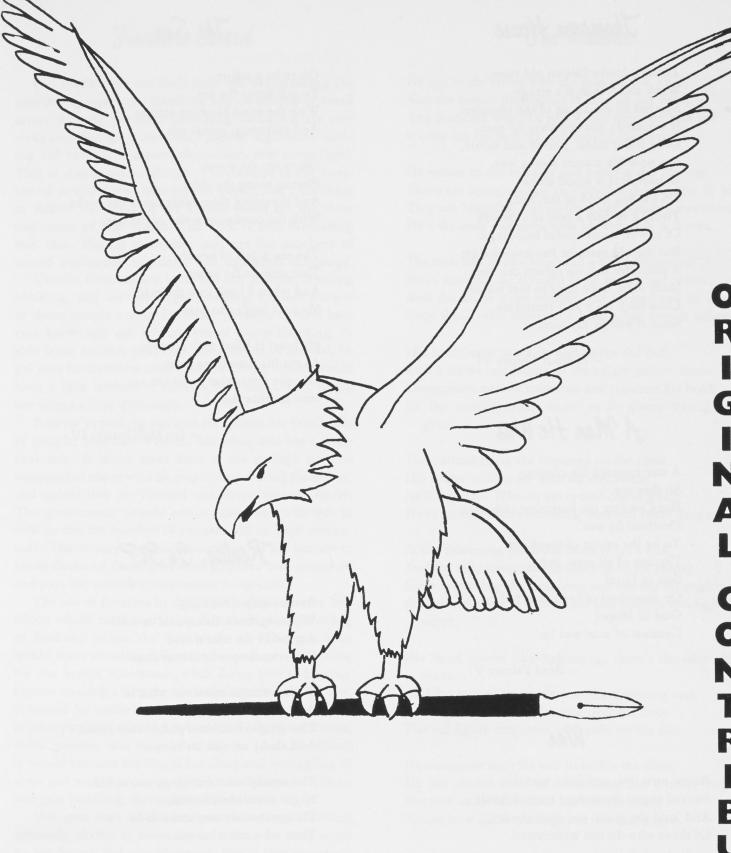












Literary Section

Thompson House

Today it looks like an old man,
Weak and feeble; it's visage
Scarred by the abuse of the elements;
It's innards gnawed away by man.
Once it did stand, proud and noble,
But now it's stature seems less.
In past days it stood alone
On the big bend of the Red.
Today it is only a part of a cluster
Of newer, more useful buildings.
But the old man, he has knowledge;
A character that no others can copy.
Many men, once boys in that house,
Look back on it and reminisce.
Soon it will be my turn.

- Helmut Verges VI

A Man He Was

A star foretold his coming,
So they say.
Born among the humblest of beasts,
Destined he was
To be the savior of mankind.
Teacher of all men, is he,
Son of God!
Or conceived of man, was he?
God of Hope!
Greatest of men was he.

- Brad Palmer V

War

Below men live, and fight, and die, Starred eagles drop their tone of death; And 'mid the guns, you hear the cry Of those who do not understand.

The cry of peasants rent with pain, The cry of soldiers facing death. Bombs! screech the hawks, and screech again, Peace! coo the doves, from safely afar.

But still the eagles dot the sky, And still men dumbly fight and die; And 'mid the guns you hear the cry Of those who do not understand.

The Sea

Oh to be a sailor,
To sail upon the sea,
With the wind blowing strong
And vibrating 'gainst me.

Oh to see the waves, Playing along the side, And thrusting themselves upon the rocks With the continuous rise of the tide.

The sea is full of beauty,
That reaches far away,
And when I look into the mist,
My soul begins to pray.

My heart is filled with sorrow, As my life-time fades away, Like the waves that cross the sea Into another day.

- Ian MacDonald IV

Reality, 9s 9t?

Are we only dreaming
When we think this world is real?
Are we in the true world
When in sleep our senses steal

What seems is often not what is And truth not always so. That fragile bubble if poked may burst, And shake us with its blow.

The murky mist that clogs our minds Might never clear because, Things that are may cease to be Then who can what was.

O Where is that standard That nothing can refute; Where is that fixed star Final reference, absolute.

Until the day man's lowly brain Can comprehend his state, The world will stay a problem, And perplexity our fate.

Firearms Control

In Canada there has lately been talk of increasing the restrictions upon the handling and ownership of small arms. Already the laws governing handguns are very strict and even lately there was a piece of legislation making the existing firearms control laws even more rigid. This is due to several things. The increase in the number of maniacs who have turned sniper, and a tendency to follow the ideas of the United States are the most important of the causes. The U.S. is also discussing this idea. Playing a smaller part are the numbers of armed robberies, murders, and accidental shootings.

Usually firearms are used for self defence, hunting plinking, and serious target shooting. I doubt if many of those people crying for more firearms control have ever knowingly got any enjoyment out of shooting. Aside from military purposes, the number of normal, legal uses for firearms seem to be few. If the critics would look a little farther, or think a little more, they might see things a little differently.

Besides providing fun and enjoyment for thousands of people, men and women, shooting also has a practical side. In some areas there is not enough food to support the entire wildlife population during the winter, and unless they are thinned out, many animals starve. The government usually sets a game limit with this in view so that the number of animals will be kept reasonable. The money that the hunter pays for his licence to shoot ducks or deers goes to set up parks and preserves and pays for wildlife conservation programs.

The use of firearms by the public may have some bad effects which need correcting, but the rigid controlling of firearms is not the way to do it. Strict gun laws would make shooting difficult and sometimes impossible for the honest sportsman, while doing little to hamper anyone wanting a firearm who is going to break the law. It would be unlikely to decrease the crime rate which is also partially aided by the easy availability of knives, clubs, poison, and many other things. In all likelihood it would increase the illegal handling and smuggling of arms and would promote ignorance of proper shooting and gun handling, due to lack of familiarity.

The gun laws so far have not hampered shooting seriously except in some cases, and so far only apply to handguns and machineguns. But if they progress, all shooting could be jeopardized. Are strict gun laws really necessary? It would seem more sensible to restrict all cars that travel more than seventy-five miles per hour. There is really little need for them, but their accident rate dwarfs the civilian toll taken by firearms.

- John Anderson VI

The Mistake

He sits in the room with the gun on his knee, And the bright blue barrel is cold on his hand, And it shakes when he lifts it, but soon he will see It obey his unthinking and daring command.

He moves to the window and peers at the throng. There are some dressed in white for the weather is hot. They are laughing and jostling like nothing was wrong. He's the only one there with his stomach in knots.

The murmer grows loud and a big car appears He is standing up straight as he smiles and waves, And the air is quite friendly, for he sees and he hears. Only those who determine how a big crowd behaves.

His hand leaps to action and opens the bolt,
And it clicks once again as the bright yellow brass
Disappears, and he crouches and tightens his hold,
So the muzzle won't move as he glares through the
glass.

The delicate hairs are imposed on the chest. His finger is slippery with oil and sweat, As it tightens. Who in the crowd could guess He is going to do something they will never forget.

At the deafening crash his heart skips a beat,
And the rifle jumps as the sharp pointed spitzer
Goes humming and spinning and tearing through meat
And muscle. It enters one side and escapes through the
other.

His hand moves like lightening, there's thunder once more,

And the second one strikes as the clattering case From the first is sent dancing over the floor. The tall figure crumples with pain on his face.

He abandons the rifle and bolts for the door. He has shown them all something they'll never forget, But now as he runs he is hurt to the core, 'Cause now all his feelings are fear and regret.

- John Anderson VI

The Candle

The two men sat and talked in the little tavern. The time was late in the afternoon and the musty smell of sweat and tobacco smoke filled the crowded room. The room was not very spacious; huge old cedar timbers supported the low ceiling and acted as pillars. The table at which the men sat was of the same wood, burned on the top many times by lighted cigarettes being carelessly dropped on it. The two men were conversing in loud, slurred tones: both had been drinking steadily since noon. They seemed caught up in the intensity of their argument and paid no attention to the heavy din of laughter and chattering which filled the tavern.

"There jes' can't be such things or else, by now, we would have proof. Them scientists would find a way to prove it, sure as Hell."

"The funny thing is, John, lots o' people says there ain't no such things as Ghosts, but very few ever would go to a place that was s'posed to be haunted by themselves."

"I would go alone", said John.

"And I'd be willin' to bet ten pounds ye wouldn't", Harvey replied after a pause.

"Aw right! It's a bet. But how are ye going to test me. There ain't no haunted houses or the like 'round here," said John. He was certain he had just made himself ten pounds.

"Do ye know the cemetery on Westminster Boulevard?", continued Harvey.

"Yes"

"I happen to know of an old burial vault on the right side of the entrance to the cemetery."

"So"

"In that vault there is a candle. It's been there for years. If ye go in there tonight and bring me the candle I'll pay ye ten pounds."

"Done"

There was an autumn chill in the air. John did up the buttons on his old checkered jacket as he walked down the deserted road leading to the cemetery. Small gusts of wind stirred the dry autumn leaves into miniature whirlpools at his feet. As he walked he stared at his feet and thought about what he must do. It was close to midnight. The bare trees on either side of the road cast their shadows on the cracked pavement. The only

sound was that of the scurrying leaves and somewhere in the distant fields a cricket would sound off. John suddenly felt very alone. He had not been aware of the feeling before and he shivered.

As he neared the cemetery his sense of uneasiness grew until his heart began to beat quite heavily. He cursed himself for his feeling of apprehension and went on. He stopped at the entrance to the cemetery and got out his flashlight. The small beam of the flashlight penetrated the darkness and finally came to rest on the door of the vault. Yes, he thought to himself, that was it for sure. The small burial vault was almost hidden by vines and overgrowth whose long thin fingers seemed to strangle the poor little building. The entrance to the crypt was a great iron door whose outside was rusted with years of misuse.

When John reached the door he was surprised to find it swung open almost by itself. The sick, heavy smell of stagnant air filled his nostrils. He felt very tense. He had only one thought: to get the candle and leave. He was impatient and nervous. He would not have believed he could feel this way but there was something about the burial vault he very much disliked. Finally he spotted the candle through the murky darkness and quickly moved to get it. Outside there was a gust of wind which whipped the trees and just as John reached for the candle he suddenly felt something pull him backwards by his jacket.

Constable McPheters did not like his job as police sergeant. He was bored. The tiresome job of writing a report of the death of one John Dempsey had been given to him. He did not like writing reports. Dampsey had been found dead three days previous in a burial vault in the cemetery of Westminster Boulevard. The autopsy had declared the cause of death to be a sudden heart attack and the time of death close to midnight, Tuesday. When McPheters had arrived on the scene Dempsey's body was lying prostrate on the ground with one arm outstretched as if Dempsey had tried to reach for something. McPheters had noticed Dempsey's checkered overcoat was caught in the vault door. But many questions still remained unanswered. Why was Dempsey in the vault? Why at such a late hour? What was he looking for there? McPheters had not noticed the candle.

Mark Stethem Form VI

Thoughts

The fire flared before me, As David before Goliath,

As I sat in the midst of interminable woes And contemplated our transitory lives.

I thought first of emotion,
That unseen despot,
Hidden by the emotional
As the hypocrite hides hypocrisy.

Thoughts

The world seemed a conflicting quagmire
Of mixed emotions;
Black was not back, nor was white white,
But all feelings were veneered, and gave the world
Tints of grey.

Emotions of love and hate then came,
Dressed in cloth of black and white,
Which is which.
Indefinable, yet infinite,
Definite, yet intangible,
But ever present and omnipotent,
Ruling all under an obscure power
Which controls the rulers of the land of transition.

A vision of justice came to me,
In a perfect symphony,
Exhibiting the perfect harmony en masse
Because the solos were flawless within themselves.
All the solos were moulded
Into a sound which fit.

The fire was beginning to flicker
When I caught a glimpse of truth;
But only a glimpse, mind you,
Because truth goes not hand in hand
With emotion or justice,
For the truth is undefined.
The glimpse I saw, on that heavenly night,
Was one of angels floating in fire,
But the vision soon left me;
It was above earthly ideals.

The fire died slowly,
And brought me away from these
Heavenly thoughts,
And back into alleged reality.

The death of the fire
Ended my sympotic flight,
And made me gaze at the world
Which we think real,
But which is, in fact,
A world of dreams and ideals.

- Sandy Shandro VI

The State of Christianity

Sometimes as I look out my window,

Staring into the cold whiteness which surrounds the night,

I hear the wind hovering above,

Seemingly endlessly swirling the snow into semimadness.

And I wonder what the wind will do

After it has finished its work here tonight.

Will it stay for a while

And start again on tomorrow's eve?

Or will it move to some other inhabited isle,

And make confusion rule in nature for a night or so,

Whether the rebels be snow, sand, or sea.

But how does he know when his labours are done?

When the ship is sunk and the crew tossed?

When the land is barren and the field lost?

When the sand is the surface and the dwellings are no more?

Or when the snow blankets the ground and man stirreth not?

Is he guided by some mysterious light that maybe I have missed?

So I look again and search the scene before me.

And Behold! There to the north shines a faint glow

Of some distant star which man has forgot,

Which all this time has had in its plot,

To undo all that man has done.

And so be it with the existence of man.

Where is his star, no matter how blurred,

To guide him on his journey through life,

And tell him when to stop and when to move on?

Yet 'tis true: man had his light many years ago,

But he himself put it out.

And its reflection has grown very dim;

Soon there will be darkness again.

Who will help man then?

Charles Andison VI

Hunting in Africa

The day broke early, with the heavy morning mist still over the trees surrounding our camp. The bull baboon was letting the whole jungle know that he was waking up. Over at the water hole, just a few hundred yards from our camp the mighty elephant was trumpeting his delight at being the first odrink. Some animals in the African bush enjoy the mornings but in the case of Mama Impala and her yearlings every morning is a threat for the big cats are hungry and either she or her yearlings would make a fine meal. Well, enough of this, I have my own breakfast to get as today we are hunting the swift and the sly Grevy's Zebra!

Ken quickly wakes up to the sweet aroma of the cooking Impala steaks and coffee. As he has a cup of coffee he is busily preparing our rifles for as one fault could mean a wounded animal or worse our life . . . for when hunting the Grevy's Zebra you have to hunt in dangerous lion and buffalo country. No words are exchanged as we both go on about our preliminary tasks . . . we both hope that today will be the kill, the sky looks as though it will hold the cloud around Mount Kilimanjaro if it does, we should be lucky, if not, we will have a lot of walking and hunting to do.

The land-rover loaded; every thing that is breakable tied down; rifles in the gun receivers; breeches open; we're ready. Entering the jungle trail, it is as though night has fallen once again for the dense overgrowth does not allow the sunlight entrance to the floor of the jungle. However this is where the zebra will sleep and this is where he will feed. Just as our eyes are used to the twilight atmosphere we break into a dazzling sunlight and we are on the edge of the plains of Kiliman-

jaro. We leave the land-rover here to go and look for lays which is a bed of crushed grass where the Grevy's zebra sleeps; or even some clue as to where they are hiding.

The clouds hang around the mighty Kilimanjaro's shoulders causing a shade right around the base. Following the trees with his binoculars Kenfinds our herd. Peacefully grazing on the slopes of the mountain. For four days they have eluded our sights but today they won't!

It will be rough going where they are so we will leave the land-rover and walk in. Ken and I are back in silence sensing each other's movement, watching the wind, watching our step. Our biggest problem in the grass is the Black Mamba, Kenya's most deadly snake.

Ken motions me down as the stag is looking around. We are now about two hundred yards away and half a mile from the land-rover. Ken picks his mark and I have mine. Now the hunt really starts for there are two females with colts; this will be a one shot chance on the run. We adjust our scopes and set a range of about one hundred yards; we load our magazines alternating soft point and solid tipped shells. The clicks of the magazines start the herd grazing wider. Finally the break is made the shots are fired and our four days of hunting are over for our zebra.

We skin and slat the hides and after six hours we are turning into our camp tired, sunburned and hungry but proud and satisfied that we have got our zebra. We sit around our campfire laughing and joking planning our hunt for tomorrow. Fianlly going to bed after the Vervet monkeys chatter away at us, as though they are trying to tell us we are too noisy.

Douglas Nesbitt VI



The Prisoner

The scene is aboard a ship during 'the war'. Stage right lies the prisoner bound with heavy rope and twine. Middlestage facing the prisoner is the Captain.

SKIPPER: Coward! You would've knifed that sailor in the back if I hadn't stopped you. Whatsa matter? Lose your honour? Want to commit hara-kiri? (The Skipper holds a revolver at his neck. The Prisoner winces and swallows.) I'll be damned if you're going to get to P.O.W. camp alive anyway. (Enter Seaman.)

FIRST SEAMAN: Skipper, you're wanted up top.

SKIPPER: Keep you're eye on him. If he makes a move (the Skipper smiles) kill him. (The Skipper leaves. The First Seaman is silent, watching the Prisoner, gun in hand. Finally the tight silence is broken.)

FIRST SEAMAN: What's your name? (a blank stare)
Your name? . . . Name. (Enter Second Seaman.) Hey? Chip (glancing at the Prisoner.) what are some common Japanese names?

SECOND SEAMAN: I've only known one, that was before the war, the name was Kim.

(The Prisoner looks up.)

FIRST SEAMAN: Kim? Is that you're name? (The Prisoner nods.)

SECOND SEAMAN: Well what do ya know. I was right. If only we could talk to him. (To Prisoner) Are you thirsty?

FIRST SEAMAN: I'll get him something. (Goes to locker and returns with bottle) He can't drink tied up. Undo his ropes. (Second seaman unties him) (Enter Skipper)

SKIPPER: Well, what are we doing here? Directly disobeying my command, eh? Well then, if you're so friendly with him you can be his executioners.

FIRST SEAMAN: Skipper . . .)
simultaneously
SECOND SEAMAN: You couldn't. . .)

SKIPPER: Either you do as I say or . . . Disobeying a command is mutiny. That's enough.

FIRST SEAMAN: But what did he do?

SKIPPER: He was escaping, is that enough?

SECOND SEAMAN: But . . .

SKIPPER: That's enough. (He leaves) (The Prisoner is tied up)

SECOND SEAMAN: I won't do it.

FIRST SEAMAN: Then swing. We've got to.

SECOND SEAMAN: Could you do it.

FIRST SEAMAN: We both will.

SECOND SEAMAN: Okay. (to the Prisoner feebly) I hate you. (louder) I hate you! Oh, I can't do it and I won't be able to till I'm drunk enough that my shame and conscience will let me. Let's go. (They leave. The prisoner looks around, struggles and finally unties the rope. He slinks off stage. Curtain Closes.)

(Curtain Rises. The setting is a different part of the ship, probably the store room. The prisoner is hiding behind a carton, knife in hand. The Skipperlooks through the cartons.)

SKIPPER: When I find you I'm gonna kill you and then have those two courtmartialled for setting you free. They aren't fit for the Navy. (Skipper comes upon the Prisoner.) So here you are! (He holds the revolver out at the Prisoner. The Prisoner knocks it from his hand and with his knife forces the Skipper against the wall stage left. The Prisoner holds the knife up. It wavers.)

PRISONER: (Screams in Japanese.)

(A gun fires from entrance at stage right.

The Prisoner's back arches and he falls dead. Second Seaman enters with the gun in his hand. The First Seaman is behind him.)

SKIPPER: That heathen savage would have butchered me. You heard the scream. You saved my life. You're repreived.

FIRST SEAMAN: From you? Don't you understand?

Living is no repreive, not from myself.

SKIPPER: What are ya talking about?

FIRST SEAMAN: Kim said, "I can't kill him! I can't kill him!

CURTAIN

The 1968 edition of the S.J.R. Winter Carnival was held on the 24th of February, 1968, on the school grounds. The events began at 12:45 in the afternoon and ended at 11:30 at night. The schedule was as follows:

12:45- 1:45 - Senior A Hockey vs. Old Boys (Indoors)

2:00- 3:00 - Senior B Hockey vs. Juniorat (Indoors)

2:00- 3:00 - Broomball (Outdoors)

3:15- 4:30 - Skating Party (Indoors)

4:30- 5:15 - Ski-Doo Race

5:15- 5:30 - Carnival Queen Contest

5:30- 6:15 - Dinner

6:15 - Bus left for first tally-ho

6:30- 7:30 - First Tally-Ho

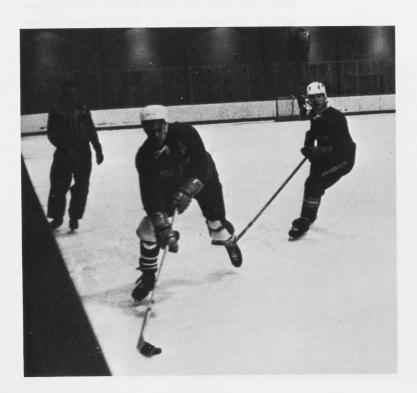
7:30- 8:30 - Second Tally-Ho

8:30-11:30 - Dance with the "New Quid"

Twenty-five degree temperatures were on hand to help make the day a success.

The day unfortunately started out on the wrong foot as the opposition for the Senior A Hockey Team, Sir John Franklin, phoned and informed us that they could not make it. The Old Boys rose to the occasion, however, and filled in for the missing team. The Seniors scored a decisive 4-1 victory in the game with Gavin Smith getting two goals while Rob Kennedy and Ed Myers chipped in with one goal each.

Immediately after the Senior A game, the Senior B team played in the Dutton Arena and their opposition





was Juniorat. In this game Lauren Jacklin scored early in the game while Andy Wiswell accounted for the other goal in the third period to make the score 2-0. Rob Mitchell got the shutout.

At the same time as the Senior B team was playing their game, a broomball game was being held on the outside rink. The rink looked like Grand Central Station as about 200 people swarmed onto the ice. It was a game of spills, and was enjoyed by everyone.

After the broomball game, about 100 peopletook advantage of the indoor rink facilities, and skated. Records were played and it was a pleasant change after the energetic broomball game.

On the front football fields, the Ski-doo race started and three ski-doo's were entered. The winner was Mark Dallas with Jim Lawson and Charles Andison a close second and third. All afternoon ski-dooing was available to anybody as six machines showed up to offer their services to the Carnival and to these six people heartfelt thanks is given.

The Carnival Queen Contest one of the more numerous items on the carnival schedule, was held just before dinner. There were four candidates, David Boult, escorted by Greg Hill; George Black escorted by Mark Dallas; Ian MacDonald, the eventual winner, escorted by Brian Spooner; and Brian Dark, escorted by Bud McKnight. The judging was done by applause and the applause for Ian MacDonald was very high compared to the other candidates who nevertheless looked most inviting to the boys who did not bring dates.

Carnival

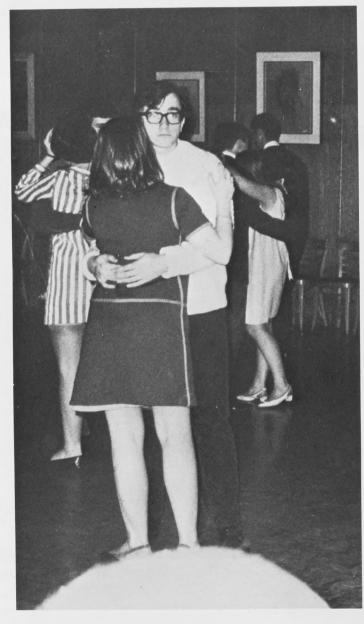


Dinner, which consisted of hot dogs, hot chocolate and ice cream was next, and then the two buses arrived to take the grade 8-9-10's to the first Tally-Ho, at the Western Riding Stables, which started at 6:30. There were four sleighs on the first Tally-Ho. At 7:30, the 11's and 12's went by car to the stables, and enjoyed the Tally-Ho very much.

The first Tally-Ho returned before the dance, and the second Tally-Ho returned about 15 minutes after the "New Quid" had started to play. The band played very well, and the dance was quite a success.

The Carnival was a great success because many people pitched in and helped. The following people were some of those people: Andy Wiswell, Greg Hill, John Macbeth, Gavin Smith, Sandy Shandro, Bob Dunstan, Stewart Searle, John McNichol, Kit Rowley, as well as the two secretaries, Mrs. Campenelli and Mrs. Brough. Thanks must go to these people as well as Mr. Broderick who was on duty, and Mr. Glegg, Mr. Ainley, and Mr. Shepherd who chaperoned the dance.

The Carnival was for a charity not named as yet, and made a considerable profit.



The North-West Territories

I have been asked by the Editor of THE EAGLE to write a few words about the Northwest Territories. I am not qualified to write any more than a very few words. The little I know of this vast area is based on two camping trips, one last summer and one two summers ago. The first summer we got as far as Fort Providence on the north bank of the Mackenzie. This past summer we got as far as Yellowknife on the Great Slave Lake. There are 1,511,979 square miles in the Territories and a population of one person to every 50 square miles. It is a wide and empty land.

It has one road running north from the Alberta border, around the west end of Great Slave Lake, by ferry in summer (ice road in winter) across the Mackenzie and ending a few miles beyond Yellowknife. In time a second road will go around the east end of the lake. There are some fine rivers and some magnificent waterfalls along the way but for the most part the road twists its way through mile after mile of pine covered rock and muskeg. We didn't do anything very spectacular but we had a fine holiday.

At Lady Evelyn Falls on the Kakisa River we got caught in a downpour as we were fishing and both our watches stopped. Since it never gets dark at that season we soon lost all track of time. We visited the Indian community of Fort Rae, north and west of Yellowknife and discovered that the Sisters of Charity had just celebrated one hundred years of service in the little settlement. We caught some fish; we were visited by a bear; we bought ice at 50¢ a block from two small girls in Yellowknife who made it in a deep freezer; we talked to Indians; we swam; we killed mosquitoes and we drove 3,000 miles on the dusty gravel. It is the least crowded highway I have ever travelled.

The people we met were all of them friendly. Many of them seemed surprised and pleased that we had come to see their part of Canada. Most visitors who come this way are Americans we were told; when Canadians wanted to go north they go to Alaska.

Announcement



The School is pleased to announce the appointment of Martin H. Thomas as Alumni Director with effect from January 1, 1968.

Born and educated in London, Ontario, Mr. Thomas graduated with a Bachelor's degree in Arts from the University of Western Ontario in 1956 and was granted a Master's degree in Business Administration in 1966. He is married and has one son and one daughter.

Mr. Thomas has been employed with G.A. Brakeley and Co. Ltd. for ten years, and was elected a Director of the Company in October, 1966. During his career he has worked on a large number of local and national projects and has a wide experience in working with volunteer groups.

Mr. Thomas will assume responsibility for all Alumni Affairs at the School. He will establish contact with all alumni. will begin publishing alumni bulletins on a regular basis, and will seek to serve all alumni and their school in every possible way.

Candids





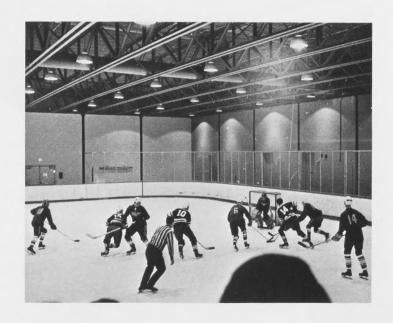






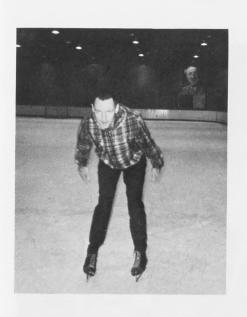






















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Temporary staff

The Nat's Sendoff

Canada's National Hockey Team was honoured by the boys of the school at a complimentary dinner at the school on January 22, 1968. Members of the team who were to leave for the Olympics in Grenoble in a week, were shown around by members of the Senior A and B hockey teams.

After an enjoyable fried chicken dinner, an address was delivered by the school captain, Ed Myers, who had earlier proposed a toast to the Nationals in which all the boys had taken part.

After Ed's brief speech, Marshall Johnston, Captain

great demand, proceeded to the gym for coffee and desert. At this time many of the boys took the opportunity to obtain autographs from the players.

sketches of each player.

to obtain autographs from the players.

The dinner was arranged by the boys, but in particularly Greg Hill, Ed Myers, and Greg Lawrence. It was a great success and was enjoyed by all.

of the Nats, took the microphone and gave thumbnail

and masters and about twenty of the Nats, who were in

When Marshall had completed his informal talk, boys

Ski Option

The newly-formed ski-option was very successful this year. It consisted of those boys who were good skiers and who wanted to keep in shape, and less-proficient skiers who wanted to improve themselves. We started with exercises, under Dave Muir and Bob Colquhoun of the Winnipeg Ski Club; then when snow came the the river froze, several boys practiced cross-country skiing, while others used the great Ravenscourt skijump behind the hockey rink. All in all an enjoyable series of Friday afternoons, and the boys thank Mr. Wellard, Dave Muir and Bob Colquhoun for all their help and encouragement.

Swimming

Immediately before the Pan-American Games the Canadian Amateur Swimming Association held its National Championships and Pan-Am Trials in the newly completed Pan-Am Pool in Grant Park. Ninety swimmers, divers and coaches from all across Canada stayed at the school for a week during the Championships.

The girls were in Thompson House, and the boys and the coaches in Hamber Hall. The kitchen provided an outstanding menu and excellent service, and with the assistance of Mrs. D. Steeves and Mr. M. Badger of the C.A.S.A. their stay was a great success.

Those swimmers who made the Canadian team expressed the desire to stay on in the school rather than go to the accommodation arranged for them during the Games, but this unfortunately proved impossible. This was an excellent opportunity to publicize the school among young people from across the Dominion, and their reaction to the school was very favourable indeed. Perhaps we may have contributed in some small way to the decisions of world record-holder Elaine Tanner and Canadian coach Howard Furby to move their homes to Winnipeg. We hope so!

Electronics Option

The goal of this year's electronics option is to have a licensed radio station and boys to operate it, and to complete work on a series of educational kits which can be used as a basic introduction to test instruments. This will set a solid foundation on which electronics options in future years can build.

A multitude of excellent equipment is available, and regardless of which specific field of electronics a person has an interest in, facilities and instruction are available. A few of the more popular fields are kit building, repair work and radio communications.

Once a licensed station is set up, and younger boys become interested in amateur radio, succeeding years will see more operators join the ranks of "hams". A permanent location would be found to set up an efficient station. What a way for old boys to keep in touch with each other and the school!

The members of the electronics option this year were John Bredin, Lawrence Thompson, Don Denmark, Stewart Searle, Jim Lawson and Helmut Verges.

Next year should see increased numbers of members. Electronics is easy to learn, and is a very interesting and rewarding hobby.

Debating

This year S.J.R. was invited to send a team to the Fourth Annual Trinity College School Debating Tournament. Mark Dallas, James Lawson, and George Black made up the team. The resolution was; "Independent Nationhood is in the best interests of the people of Quebec." The team left on Thursday, January 18, and arrived in Port Hope at 8:00 p.m. the next day. The debates began at 2:00 p.m. on Saturday; each team had to debate both sides of the resolution. It placed 19 out of 20 teams.

Our Sound

"Our Sound", a St. John's-Ravenscourt musical spectacular which was held on March 18th, 1968, began with an orchestra. This orchestra was comprised mainly of Lower School boys although a few Upper School bolstered the act. They gave an overture of nursery rhymes. Following the mini-orchestra came the choir. The choir sang four songs ranging from Roger's and Hammerstein to a Negro Spiritual. Following this D. Searle, E. Giesbrecht, and J. Hutchison displayed their talents on the piano. Immediately after this L. Whittaker and H. Brock played a solo. Next came Tom Bugg playing, without error, and from memory, a well known number on the accordion. The second last act before the intermission had S. Goldring playing June Days on the violin. Stew Searle and John Mac-Donald ended the first half of the show on a humourous note with two songs on the guitar and banjo. Intermission followed.

After a ten minute intermission David Allison piped parents and boys alike back into Hamber Hall for the second half of the show and then proceded to play three lively tunes on the bag pipes. The grade 4 and 5 Voyageurs followed hard upon Allison's display on the pipes. They sang three or four lively French songs. A second trio of piano players then followed with H. Brock, S. Kruegar and S. Searle playing enjoyable songs. Next came a Lower School J. Hutchison with a violin solo. A lively duet followed with S. Kruegar and Mrs. Ainley on the piano. The final act on the program was the "HALF DOZEN", singing and playing folksongs from various parts of Canada. The "QUEEN". After, refreshments were served in Hamber Hall.

A special word of praise must go to Mrs. Ainley, who organized the whole evening, and without whose efforts, the evening would not have been possible. Thank you.

Trip to the Desert



Last fall Mr. Wellard took a group from the school on a trip to the Manitoba Desert. The group consisted of three masters, two seniors, some younger boarders.

The group drove out near Camp Shilo, where the cars were abandoned. The group walked for some time before coming to the desert. The group proceeded on the major part of the hike. Clusters of shrapnel and bones were found periodically. Eventually we found ourselves at the Assiniboia R. which we followed back to the cars. The trip ended in a barbecue, after which we returned to the school.



Dances

Dances this year were for most people a great success. Early in November the Electric Jug and Blues Band packed in a good crowd; although the attendance was not as great, those present at the Christmas dance appreciated the sound of the Jamieson Robert's Device. The New Quid was the crowning success of the Winter Carnival. Many thanks is given to those who laboured to make the dances possible, and to those kindly, but erring souls who lined up some of the boys new to town with blind dates.

Acknowledgements

The Eagle is printed in four sections of thirty-two pages each. The first deadline was November first. Therefore all events are not written up in the proper order, and all assistance is not acknowledged. But the editor does wish to acknowledge the valuable assistance given in photography by Mr. Hugh McCracken, and by Mr. Barney Charach and Mr. Arthur Kushner of Paramount Studios.



Look to the Future!

Graduation will bring many challenges and opportunities to the students of St. John's-Ravenscourt. Most will continue their studies at the university level, working and planning for a bright future. When you go to university investigate the CUS and CAMSI life plans, designed especially for students, and underwritten by Canadian Premier Life. You can begin with a CUS or a CAMSI policy in your undergraduate years and build for the future on a solid foundation.



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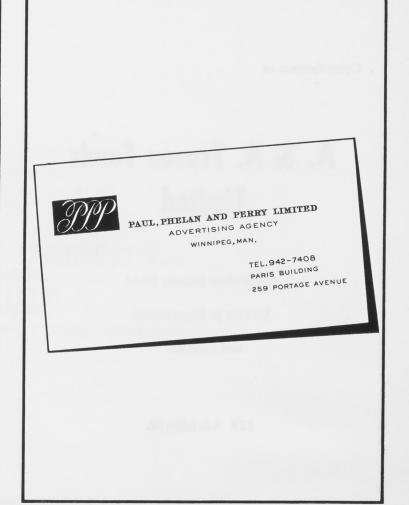




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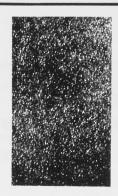
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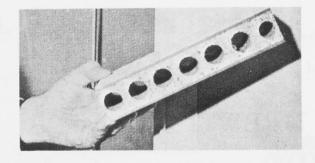
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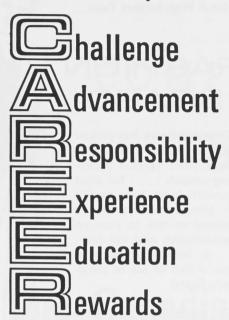


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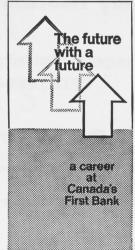


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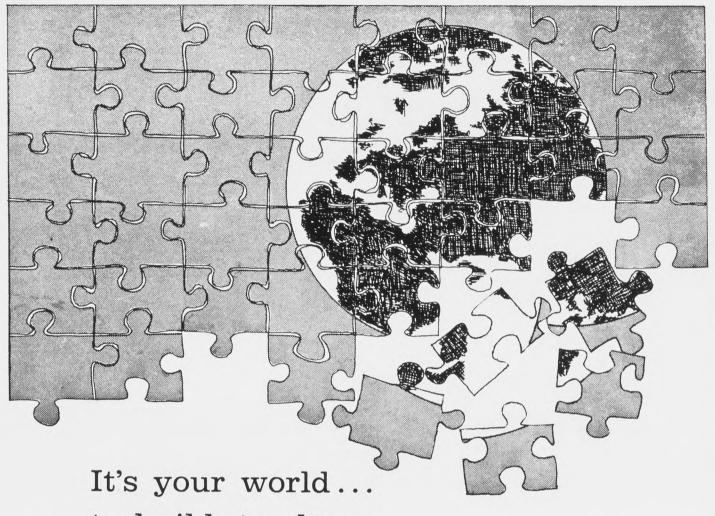
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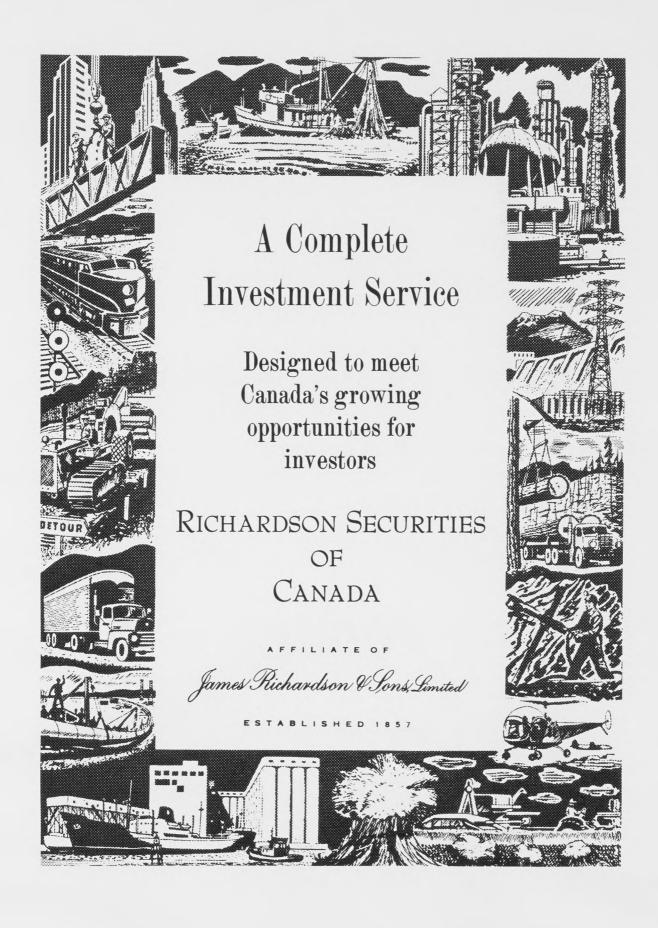
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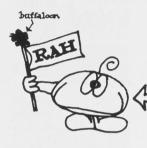
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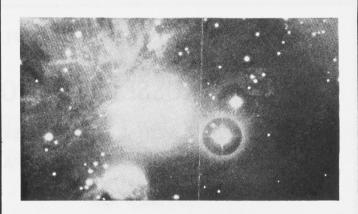
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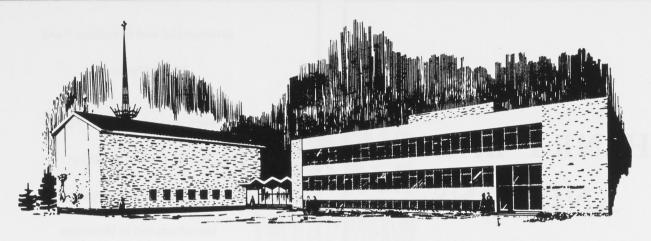
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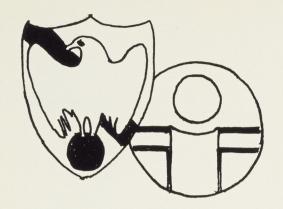
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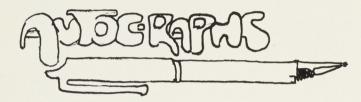
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